the weekly Standard

OCTOBER 5, 1998 • $3.50

BILL CLINTON, MORAL EXHIBITIONIST
NOEMIE EMERY

HOLLYWOOD BEATS HARVARD!

Winners and Losers in the Clinton Era

BY DAVID BROOKS

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TV producer Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, actress Markie Post, in the Lincoln Bedroom

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the weekly Standard

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Special Starr Report Edition

THE SCRAPBOOK has spent the last week doing the work of the American people. To be specific, perusing the appendices to the independent counsel's impeachment referral, Parts 1 and 2. Together, they amount to some 3,183 pages, and they are chock-a-block with smutty gossip, embarrassing anecdotes about Vernon Jordan, and salacious criticisms of Bill Clinton's way with a maid. Even so, THE SCRAPBOOK, feeling a duty to country, pulled on its waders and slogged through—somebody had to. Highlights below.

MONICA, HE HARDLY KNEW YE

In his grand-jury testimony on August 17, President Clinton continued to insist that Monica Lewinsky actually delivered official papers to his office. Here's what *she* told the grand jury:

Q: Did you ever actually bring him papers to sign as part of business?
A: No.
Q: Did you actually bring him papers at all?
A: Yes.
Q: All right. And tell us a little about that.
A: It varied. Sometimes it was just actual copies of letters. One time I wrote a really stupid poem. Sometimes I put gifts in the folder which I brought.
Q: And even on those occasions, was there a legitimate business purpose to that?
A: No.

***

Interestingly, most of the truly lurid questions in the Lewinsky testimony come from the grand jurors themselves. They were by turns curious, consoling, and agog. About Monica and Bill's "relationship," there is this colloquy:

JUROR: Well, what kept it going?
LEWINSKY: I fell in love.
JUROR: I beg your pardon? I couldn't hear you.
LEWINSKY: I fell in love.
JUROR: When you look at it now, was it love or a sexual obsession?
LEWINSKY: More love with a little bit of obsession. But definitely love.
JUROR: Did you think that the President was in love with you also?
LEWINSKY: There was an occasion when I left the White House and I was pretty stunned at how I felt because I did think that.
JUROR: You did?

***

The jurors continue with the incredulous line of questioning:

JUROR: You said the relationship was more than oral sex. I mean, it wasn't like you went out on dates or anything like that, like normal people, so what more was it?
LEWINSKY: Oh, we spent hours on the phone talking. It was emotional.
JUROR: Phone sex?
LEWINSKY: Not always. On a few occasions, I mean, we were talking. I mean, interacting. I mean, talking about what we were thinking and feeling and doing and laughing. . . . So, I mean, it was—there was a real component of a relationship to it and I just—I thought he had a beautiful soul. I just thought he was just this incredible person and when I looked at him I saw a little boy and—I don't know what the truth is anymore.

***

And of course, often the going got rough:

JUROR: Brief direct genital contact—could you just elaborate on that a bit?
LEWINSKY: Uh—
JUROR: I understand—
LEWINSKY: Oh my gosh, this is so embarrassing.
JUROR: You could close your eyes and talk.
JUROR: We won't look at you.
LEWINSKY: Can I hide under the table? [No jokes about what Monica usually does when she hides under a table.]

***

Monica's first extensive debriefing by Starr's office, on July 30, was written up by a nameless FBI agent. His tone is flat and businesslike, but he occasionally reaches for poetry, as in this description of the March 29, 1997, encounter:

> A ray of sunshine was shining directly on Lewinsky's face while she performed oral sex to completion.

And the anonymous author has an eye for the sympathetic detail:

> When Lewinsky unbuttoned the President's blue shirt, the President sucked in his stomach. . . . Lewinsky assured the President that she thought his physical shape was cute.

Their last sexual encounter ended on an up note:

> After the private meeting the President and Lewinsky went into Betty Currie's office, where they sang "Try a Little Tenderness."

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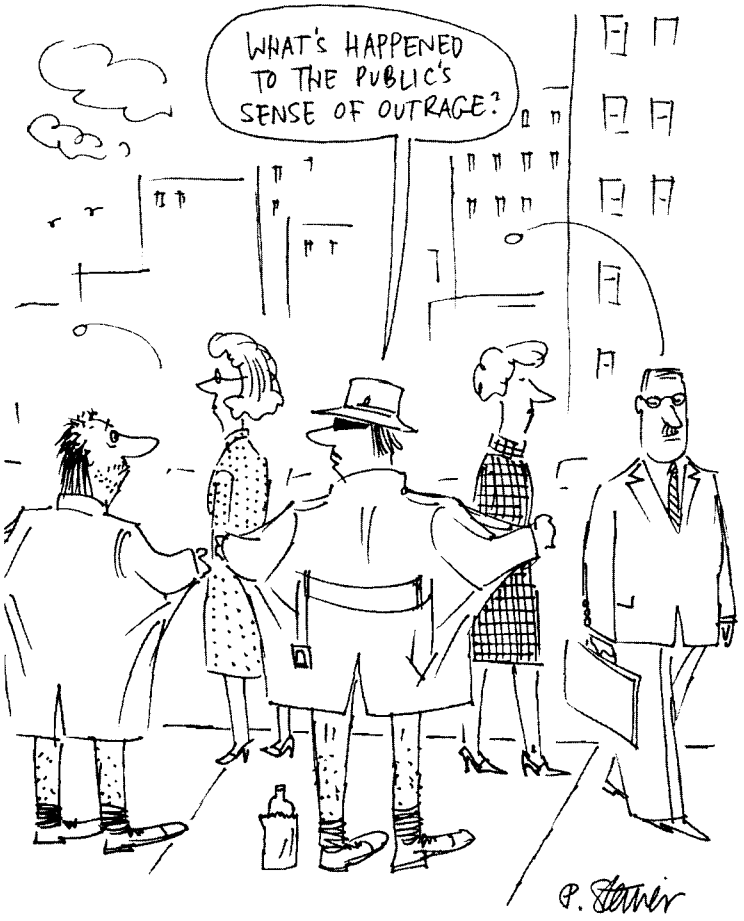

On Meeting Vernon Jordan

An e-mail from Monica Lewinsky to a friend: "Whew! What a day! I met with the big creep's best friend this morning. It was very interesting. I have never met such a 'real' person in my entire life. You know how some people wear their hearts on their sleeves; he wears his soul. Incredible. He said, with regard to my job search, 'We're in business.' We'll see. He also said the creep had talked to him, and as I was leaving he said, 'You come very highly recommended.' (Tee-hee-hee.)"

Why We Still Miss Bill Ginsburg:

The supporting documents also reinforce the notion that Lewinsky's original lawyer, William Ginsburg, was indeed an idiot. When Starr's office asks Monica for a handwriting sample, Ginsburg refuses on behalf of his client, saying he will agree to provide one only if Starr gives a sample of his own handwriting to Ginsburg. Later, he shows alarming signs of creeping Clintonitis, as in this exchange with a lawyer from the independent counsel's office:

A: I will not tell a fib under perjury, sir—penalty of perjury. But I will do what is necessary to protect my client at all times as a vigorous advocate.
Q: Including lie?
A: Sir, I never lie. I do what is necessary to protect my client. You have to define the word "lie" for me before I can answer that.

Those Darn Kids Today

Monica's e-mails to her friends are a window into the soul of the post-Gen-X generation.

> Yeah, Kelly sure was right!!!!! I was totally distracted. I'm sure you remember I talked to the creep on the phone at work . . . I am glad you've had a good time with her but I certainly understand you and Chris wanting some time alone (like to have loud, rad SEX) before you leave!!!!!
>
> Well, Catherine, my dear, (jeez . . . i hate being called "dear." the creep calls me that sometimes it's an old person saying!!!!) i don't have much to write—i am boring. But did i tell you i had sex with thomas last week?"

But wait! There's more:

> "hi cat - i miss you! i'm glad you liked my silly little package. i had a good time at the spa (i did it with the nutrition guy)!!!!"

The President's Reading List

Since the world learned that Monica had given the president, among many other gifts, a copy of *Oy Vey! The Things They Say! A Book of Jewish Wit*, sales of the compendium have skyrocketed (from Number 153,339 to Number 1,643-and-rising on the Amazon.com sales charts). This could be a better marketing tool than Oprah's book club! In that spirit The Scrapbook would like to point out that, according to lists provided to Starr by the White House, the bookshelves in the president's private study hold at least two other volumes worthy of the bestseller lists: *Energy in the Executive* by Terry Eastland and *George Washington: A Biography* by Noemie Emery. Both are contributors to The Weekly Standard and, perforce, members in good standing of the vast right-wing conspiracy.

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Correspondence

Understanding Nixon

David Frum's rave review of Allen J. Matusow's book about Nixon's economic policies was a shocker—he rehashes all of the canards that Democrats espoused in the early 1970s ("Nixonomics," Sept. 21).

Frum concedes that Nixon inherited a mountain of troubles when he took over in 1969, including a country torn by bitter controversy over a losing war started by his Democratic predecessors and a currency devalued by that war. But as daunting as these problems were, he argues, they were not beyond solution. After all, in 1953 President Eisenhower had inherited exactly the same problems, yet he succeeded both in ending the Democrats' war without abandoning South Korea and in snuffing out inflation. There was a crucial difference between the two situations, however: Eisenhower's GOP had control of both houses of Congress in 1953-54; Nixon's did not.

Nixon and Kissinger worked out a peace accord with the North Vietnamese that was very similar to the Korean settlement. Tragically, the Democratic Congress pulled the rug out from under the Paris Peace Accords in 1974. They were not going to let Nixon duplicate Eisenhower's achievement. It was the Democrats' partisan political sabotage that led to total defeat in Vietnam, as well as other frustrations that bedeviled Nixon on the home front.

Frum also blames Nixon for the double-digit inflation of 1974, as well as for the energy shortage, the collapse of the international monetary system, and the worst economic slump since 1940. Has he forgotten OPEC's quadrupling of oil prices? It was the Arab cartel that caused a worldwide energy shortage, inflation, and recession, not Nixon's economic policies.

Finally, the smearing of Arthur Burns as "the most nakedly partisan" Federal Reserve Board chairman was particularly despicable. Many disagreed with Burns, but no one who knew him questioned his integrity. At a meeting in New York at the time, Milton Friedman, who disagreed with Burns, was asked what he thought about the chairman's alleged political motivation. He scornfully dismissed the charge, saying it was absurd to suggest that at the near-close of a distinguished career Burns would subvert Fed policy for a narrow political purpose.

VICTOR F. MORRIS
TEANECK, NJ

Clinton Must Stay

Clinton resign or be impeached, come now ("Case Closed," Sept. 21). If all of the operative facts were equivalent—except that Bill Clinton were a conservative Republican—your editors would not be quite so zealous.

Personally, I submit that had Clinton been truthful and made no efforts to conceal his relationship, it would have

made no difference whatsoever in the outcome of the Paula Jones case. Therefore, let the punishment fit the crime. Judge Susan Webber Wright can slap him with a heavy fine or Congress can vote to censure him.

President Al Gore right now? No. Make him run first in the primaries and seek delegates, just like everyone else.

W.T. BENNETT
WASHINGTON, DC

In Defense of Moynihan

David Brooks is so eager to bash Democrats—any Democrats—that he completely distorts Sen. Moynihan's observation that the Lewinsky matter is a "crisis of the regime" ("The Report That Ate D.C.," Sept. 21). Moynihan's precisely accurate point was that there is a crisis for the Clinton administration (the "regime") and not a constitutional crisis; hence we should promptly get on with our constitutionally provided remedies (impeachment hearings). Now comes Brooks, pretending that the senator meant "a crisis of the American regime." This allows him to make the very point Moynihan made while calling the senator's remarks "portentous . . . vacuous . . . literally untrue." For my money, Sen. Moynihan is one of the few Democratic heroes in this mess.

G.R. PATERSON
WILMETTE, IL

No Home Run

The cover and Parody section of your otherwise excellent Sept. 21 issue ranged from misguided to offensive.

The celebratory cartoon cover missed the point: The Starr report deals with a national tragedy, not the national pastime. It compares Starr's necessary but dreary report to a "home run," hit by a smiling, right-handed, record-breaking champion. Such a caricature lends credence to those cynics who see a righteous investigation about real crimes—be they high or low—as just another political food fight between the Left and the Right.

Your concluding Parody was in very poor, less-than-Leno, almost Greaseman-like taste. Starr's report had to include such details, your Parody did not.

JOSEPH J. COLLINS
ALEXANDRIA, VA

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Casual

A Spring in His Step

I used to linger in bed for a few minutes after the alarm went off in the morning. But not since January 21. Now, I jump up, put on my bathrobe, and head for the driveway to pick up the newspapers. There's a spring in my step and a smile on my face. And when I read the three papers—the *Washington Post*, *Washington Times*, and *New York Times*, in that order—I'm rarely disappointed. The papers deliver the goods on the White House sex scandal almost every day. The trick is to read every scandal story to the end. Just last week, there was a nugget in the next-to-last paragraph of a long piece in the *Post*. It revealed that President Clinton not only loathes the idea of reimbursing the taxpayers for an investigation he prolonged by lying for seven months, he actually wants to be paid back for his own legal expenses. Only a small fact, for sure, but it made my day.

I don't buy what's become the politically correct position on the scandal, even for Republicans. You know—that the "ordeal" we're going through in Washington is horrible for the country. Rep. Bob Livingston, the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, insisted to me that it's a "bad time" for America. I tried to jolly him into conceding that, at least in private, he's delighted Clinton is in so much hot water. Oh, no, he said, upping the rhetorical ante, it's a "terrible time" for all of us.

Nonsense. This is a great time for America—and especially for folks who spotted Clinton as a phony from the git-go. Now, he's exposed as exactly that, and worse. He's a liar, philanderer, and hypocrite, and he took extreme measures, including perjury, to hide this from the American people. What's wrong with Americans' finally finding out the truth about Clinton? Zip, as far as I'm concerned. *Au contraire*, it's healthy for the country and for democracy. If folks still want him to be president, they should at least know what they're keeping. As for me, I'm happy to be vindicated.

I suspect—no, I know—that many reporters feel the same. Not just the small number of conservative ones, either. Sure, many reporters claim they hate a story that involves sordid sex and would rather be writing or yapping about bankruptcy reform or revisions to the Fair Labor Standards Act. Don't believe them. They love this scandal.

Why shouldn't they? There's a good civics lesson about accountability in all the fuss. When a government official is discovered to be violating the law, he should be held accountable. And that's what's happening at long last to Clinton. He's evaded any responsibility for his or his wife's actions so often—Whitewater, Filegate, Travelgate, Chinagate—that it's nice to see him forced to accept blame, if only a little bit of blame. And it's good for kids to see a politician facing the consequences of his wrongful acts.

There's another fun part to the scandal. That's seeing Clinton's defenders saying palpably ridiculous things. Take Paul Begala, whom I've always regarded as an honorable man. He was publicly silent for a month after Clinton admitted having sex with Monica Lewinsky. But the airing of Clinton's grand-jury testimony on September 21 prompted Begala to appear on *Larry King Live*. The testimony "is the very first time we've gotten to hear very much at all from the president about [the scandal], even people on the White House staff," he said. But it wasn't Ken Starr who muzzled Clinton. It was Clinton himself. He could have summoned Paul to the hallway off the Oval Office for a chat any time. And didn't the White House try to keep the testimony that Begala finds so helpful from being shown on TV? Yep, it did.

I got special joy from watching Steve Brill squirm after Monica's blue dress turned up and proved to have been stained by Clinton. Brill had zinged reporters, notably Jackie Judd of ABC, for citing a dirty dress, one that Brill suggested was non-existent. In fact, this was one of the chief points in his anti-press screed in the first edition of *Brill's Content*. When the dress appeared, Brill responded by weaseling. He said the reporting on the dress was premature. He didn't admit a mistake or apologize.

Why did Brill's discomfort make me feel so good? Brill suggested on *Meet the Press* that I had ordered up a piece in The Weekly Standard criticizing his article out of spite. A reporter for his magazine had wanted to ask me about accepting speaking fees, I wouldn't return the reporter's calls, and instead I had ordered . . . Well, you get Brill's drift. In other words, the criticism of his now-discredited article was entirely ill motivated. The truth is, David Tell's piece stands up as totally accurate. Brill's article doesn't.

So, I've got a deal for Brill. If he admits publicly he was wrong about the dress and lots more in his article, I'll chat with his reporter, even about speaking fees from tobacco companies.

Fred Barnes

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the weekly Standard

Grow Up—and Impeach

In the classic courtroom dramas from which most Americans learn their law, there inevitably comes a final scene in which the hero attorney gets the bad guy on the stand and nails him cold. The villain is powerful and cunning, his alibi apparently airtight. But in the end, he, too, must obey the script's rigid moral logic. So under withering cross-examination about a surprise piece of evidence—*Mr. Malefactor, do you recognize this stained blue dress from the Gap?*—the scoundrel gratifies us emotionally by dissolving into blubber and confessing completely.

Real life does not work this way, of course. Real life is duller and more difficult. And that corner of real life occupied by our current president is completely devoid of pleasing, gotcha catharsis. He is guilty as sin. Anybody who's taken the time to dope it all out knows that full well. But Bill Clinton resolutely refuses to acknowledge that he knows he's guilty. And so the rest of the country appears befuddled, passively awaiting the cue—from him, just like it happens on TV—that it's okay to impeach him for violating his constitutional oath of office.

There will never be such a cue. There was no Perry Mason moment in Clinton's videotaped grand-jury testimony, an unsurprising fact that the White House, playing to the naiveté of its national audience, claims should work in the president's favor. There will never be such a Perry Mason moment. There will probably not, for that matter, be any further devastating disclosure that finally seals Bill Clinton's fate. In every essential respect, what we are going to know, we know already.

It is enough. It should be enough.

The adult truth of the matter runs like this. Citizens of the United States elect representatives to Congress. Congress writes our laws. Violations of those laws are prosecuted and adjudicated in federal courts. Perjury in a federal court is a particularly serious crime, because it undermines American justice's basis in truth and threatens to turn the law into something arbitrary and ineffective.

And perjury in a federal court, committed by the president, is a catastrophe. It is the president's executive branch that enforces federal law. If the law is bent for him, it cannot fairly or legitimately be applied to anyone. Nor can the discourse of democratic politics, which sustains the law, be kept alive if the president is universally understood to be a liar. He, more than anyone else, must be believed.

Bill Clinton cannot be believed. It is not so much that such a man must be *punished* for his misdeed. It is rather that such a man cannot be president. The presidency must be kept clean of perjury. Clinton must be expelled from the Oval Office.

In the less developed political cultures of Europe and parts still farther east, they do not get the high philosophy and glory of American rules. They are amazed, in fact, that we would be the least bit upset over a president who twists the agencies of our government to conceal a crime of dishonesty. Our attention to the whole Lewinsky thing makes him want to "vomit," says Helmut Kohl of Germany, where the tradition of mute obedience to leadership apparently still runs deep. Kohl and his peers on the world stage openly mock us for our stubborn insistence on impartial and rigorous law and order, parading their ignorance of republican principle—and calling it sophistication.

And our president, who would in any other circumstance be expected—and obliged—to rebuke such an assault on our national honor? No. The president, President Clinton, welcomes the insult as a convenient prop for his self-absorbed political defense. See him basking in supportive, implicitly anti-American applause at the United Nations. He actually dared smile about it. Disgraceful.

Yes, we know, majority public opinion does not yet endorse resignation or impeachment for this most shameless and cynical of history's presidents. These are fat and happy years—rich and secure, at least on the surface. So Clinton's "job approval" numbers remain quite high.

Even so, most Americans reject him both as a man and an exemplar. In one recent poll, less than 30 per-

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cent say he shares their values. The survey data make it clear that, while the country might not now actively favor ending Clinton's presidency, neither would it miss him much if he were to go—or rebel against members of Congress who did their duty and sent him away.

In any case, partisan considerations and attendant worries should count as nothing in the awesome decision to impeach a president. Some things are more important than winning. Bill Clinton doesn't think so. But our mothers taught us better. And we, as a people, will come to remember that elementary lesson only when more of our leaders, the men and women in positions of political responsibility, give it fresh voice—and apply it to the task before them.

Kenneth Starr cannot do this; his work is largely done. Nor can Congress do the necessary job simply by devoting itself to the silent, mechanical process of reviewing and redacting Starr's boxloads of documents. American minds are not yet where they need to be on the question of William Jefferson Clinton. But they can be persuaded. Impeach him, explain it, and they will come.

—David Tell for the Editors

SLOUCHING TOWARD JUDGMENT

by Tod Lindberg

WHAT A MAGICAL SHAPE-CHANGING BEAST this independent-counsel law is! In its marauding two-decade-long journey through the American political landscape, it has revealed aspects of itself we poor peasants could never have imagined. Republicans and now Democrats have felt the fury of the creature, its quasi-immortality, its voraciousness, its single-mindedness in pursuit of its prey. But now, for the first time, it has given birth—to impeachment proceedings against the president in the House of Representatives. And only now are we learning of the peculiar sway it has on the minds of men. Republicans, perhaps mesmerized, came to believe that they could tame it, or at least let it do their work for them. But whether it serves them or they are its captives is an open question.

THE STARR REPORT IS LIKE A FOUNDLING ON CONGRESS'S DOORSTEP: WILL REPUBLICANS ADOPT OR DENY PATERNITY?

No one can say whether the impeachment of Bill Clinton will go as far as his conviction and removal from office at the hands of the Senate. But the view among the Republican leadership in the House is that after a Judiciary Committee vote and floor vote in October authorizing an impeachment inquiry, the committee will in due course (meaning after the November election) draft articles of impeachment and send them to the House floor, where they will be approved. The key question, as Republican leaders in the House see it, is whether Democrats will cry "partisanship," stand united in support of the president, and vote against impeachment, or the issues—lying under oath, witness tampering—will be at the forefront, resulting in broader support for impeachment.

This consideration, for better or worse, is what lies behind the leadership's frequently avowed concern for a bipartisan process. It's important to keep the Democrats in the room all along the way if, at the end, there is to be any hope of getting some of them to agree that a president of their party should stand trial in the Senate. That, in turn, means making concessions to Democrats that some Republicans will find distasteful or unnecessary. In the GOP's perfect world, the subject of negotiation between Democrats and Republicans at the end of the day is whether articles of impeachment will include, say, counts 1-7 or only counts 1, 2, 3, and 6.

The independent-counsel investigation of Kenneth Starr, while it has been barraged by Democrats' charges of partisanship, has played a very curious role in this process. By law, the independent counsel must report directly to Congress any evidence of impeachable offenses he uncovers. When the Monica Lewinsky story broke in January, Democrats, mainly to avoid the request that they judge the president harshly, cited their determination to refrain from judgment until Starr issued a report, if he ever did. Republicans, by and large, said the same: Wait for the Starr report.

The Starr investigation, meanwhile, was proceeding (subject to the constraints only of court rulings) entirely on the schedule of the independent counsel's office and in the direction Starr chose. Starr became,

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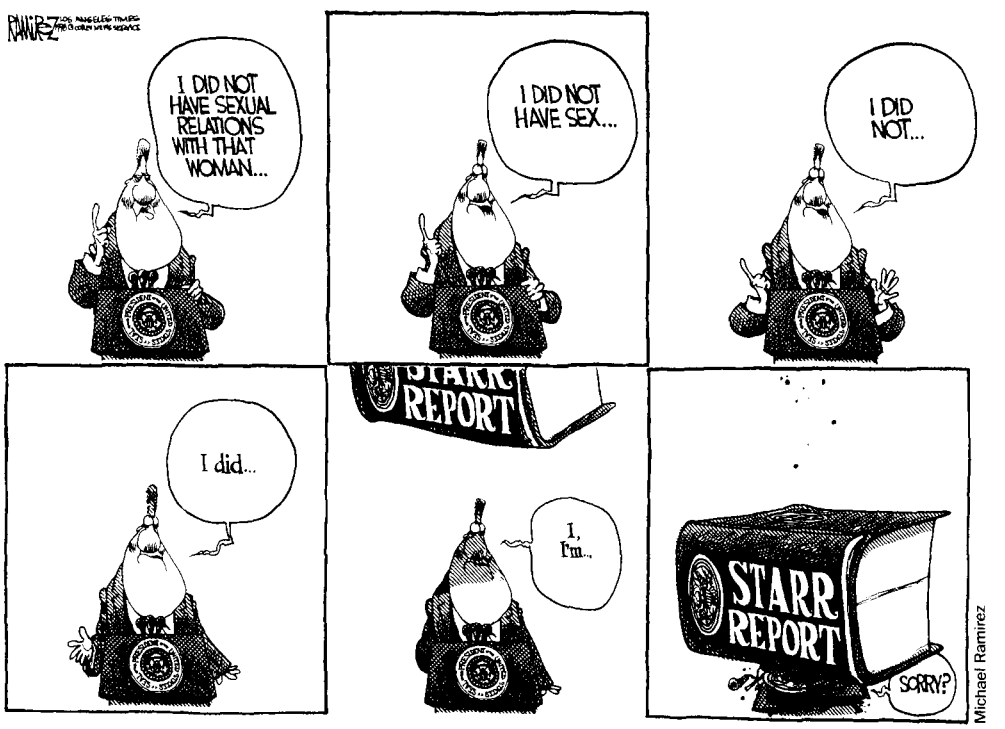
in effect, Congress's principal fact-finder—but not subject to any direction or constraint imposed by Congress. So it is that the independent counsel is doubly independent—not only from the executive branch, the president, and his Justice Department, who are presumed under the terms of the law to have conflicts of interest that preclude them from conducting impartial criminal investigations of senior officials. But also, as regards evidence of impeachable offenses, from Congress—with what effect we have never had occasion to explore before.

Whatever noises Congress is now making about additional investigating, we are in fact a long way down the road to impeachment. And notwithstanding its constitutional authority, Congress—in particular, the congressional majority—has so far not had to lift a finger. Even though since January it has been abundantly clear that the independent-counsel investigation was zeroing in on the president's own conduct with an eye toward the charges eventually made in Starr's report. Even though, in other words, everybody knew that this amounted to a preliminary impeachment inquiry. The independent-counsel law perfectly positioned Congress to disavow all responsibility for it. Today, the prosecutor's report is like a foundling child abandoned on the doorstep of Congress—the members may decide to adopt it, but they can always safely deny paternity.



This issue is worth a little alternative-universe exploration. Suppose there were no independent counsel statute, yet events had unfolded in Paula Jones's lawsuit against the president in precisely the same fashion. Suppose, that is, that Linda Tripp had taken her Monica tapes to the Justice Department and the media. Or that she had dropped them off at Chairman Henry Hyde's office at the House Judiciary Committee. Would we be where we are today?

Insofar as presidential lying under oath is serious, and so is cooking your story to obstruct justice in a civil case, we should be, and maybe we would be. But if we were, it would be as a result of an extensive, messy, vitriolic fact-finding inquiry by the Judiciary Committee. The White House, and presumably congressional Democrats, would have resisted it at every turn and raised holy hell over it in the process. Republicans would have needed to make an unprecedented show of political grit.

The independent-counsel law relieved them of that burden. In doing so, however, the law also deprived them of a certain trial by fire that would, at a minimum, have given them a keen sense of responsibility for advancing the process. Had Republicans pushed the inquiry on their own to the point at which it now stands, there would be little doubt among Democrats about Republicans' determination to see it through. That doubt is the Democrats' principal consolation at the moment.

It may or may not amount to much. But it seems fair to observe that the independent-counsel law is either one of the greatest congressional power grabs in history—a shortcut to impeachment, Congress's gravest constitutional responsibility, as it keeps reminding us—or a cautionary tale about what happens when you don't touch first base on the way home.

Tod Lindberg is editorial-page editor of the **Washington Times.**

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To the Slaughter

by Tucker Carlson

Denver

The Labor Day parade has begun to wind its way through downtown Denver, and Ellen Moran has to raise her voice above the brass band to explain how Dottie Lamm is going to beat Republican Ben Nighthorse-Campbell in the Colorado Senate race this fall. The presidential sex scandal may be the only thing on the minds of people in Washington, explains Moran, who is Lamm's campaign manager, but outside the Beltway voters still care about the Issues: education, crime, health care. Especially health care. According to Moran, Lamm spent much of the summer talking to "real people" and meditating on their demands for HMO reform. Just the other day, Moran says, Lamm spoke to a woman who suffers from "really bad acid reflux. The HMO changed her medication four times." That's the nature of the crisis in managed care, Moran explains—"it affects everybody."

More resources for indigestion? This is the issue with which Dottie Lamm, a 61-year-old former airline stewardess who has never held elected office, is going to defeat an incumbent U.S. senator? No, says Moran, it's more than that. "This campaign is about Dottie and what she stands for."

Dottie Lamm

What does Dottie stand for? Ordinarily it would be difficult to know, since apart from her years as the wife of Colorado governor Richard Lamm, Dottie Lamm has never been in politics. Thanks to her 17 years as a columnist for the *Denver Post*, however, what Dottie Lamm stands for can be known with some precision. Dottie Lamm is for ending human life.

In addition to unusually aggressive stands in favor of abortion, population control, and euthanasia (the last, she predicted in 1994, "will become the civil rights movement of the 2020s"), Lamm used her column to make frequent and relatively straightforward pitches for killing children. "I would disconnect every incubator from every baby with a birth weight of less than 1 pound, ten ounces," Lamm wrote in a 1992 column that was accompanied by a photograph of one of the babies she believed should die. "Should we keep thousands of tiny preemies alive to the tune of millions of dollars on life supports because there will be an occasional 'miracle'?" she asked. "No we shouldn't."

Lamm describes herself as fiscally conservative, and it's true that for almost two decades she warned readers of how expensive it can be when poor people are allowed to have children. In 1984, for example, Lamm noted that "it costs 15 times as much for a Medicaid patient to deliver a full-term infant and raise it on public funds for 17 months—the average length of stay on welfare in Colorado—as it does for her to abort." Four years earlier, Lamm had taken a trip to China and returned full of bubbly enthusiasm for the country's totalitarian family-planning policies, which she described as "first rate." The Chinese, Lamm wrote approvingly in February 1980, feel no need to pursue "an ethic of 'individual freedom' such as ours."

Nor, Lamm has implied, should they be allowed to. What the world "needs the most," Lamm wrote in early 1992, is "fewer people"—specifically, fewer children in developing countries, where a "cultural mandate to reproduce" has driven birth rates to rat-like levels. "Population Boom: Control it now or perish from the Earth," warned the headline of a typical Lamm column on the subject.

But curiously, Lamm, who has two children of her own, is not at all concerned about birth rates in the United States, at least among white suburbanites. In a June 1986 column, Lamm proposed a kind of yuppie eugenics program in which young adults who might otherwise spend their money on "the condo, the car, the travel plans, the meals out" would be given financial rewards by the government for becoming parents.

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"Because the fact is that many of the best and brightest working couples in our society are not having children," Lamm wrote. "I'm serious. (Or I would be if I were a legislator.)"

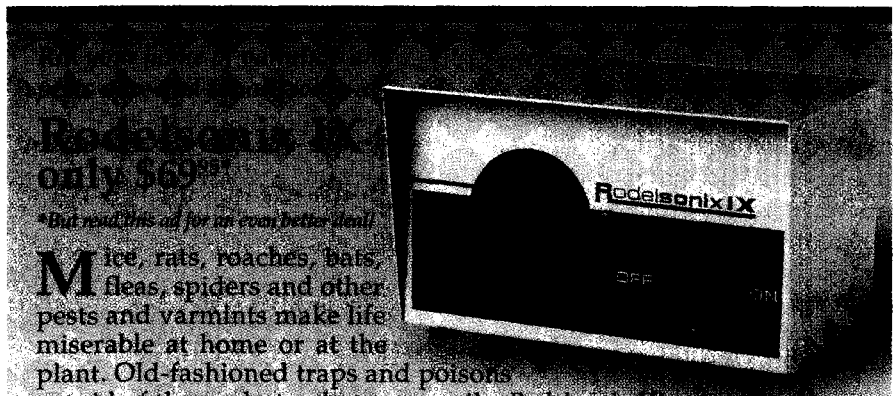
Twelve years on, Lamm is hoping to become a legislator, and columns like these aren't helping at all. How to account for published views that are both ghoulish and totally unacceptable to most voters, even in Colorado? The ideal response would be to claim some terrible mix-up, perhaps blaming another Dottie Lamm for writing them. Lamm's press secretary, Omar Jabara, does the next best thing: He pleads journalistic insanity. "She was a columnist," Jabara says, as if this explained everything. "Her job was to push the envelope. The standards for columnists and legislators are very different."

WHAT DOES DOTTIE LAMM STAND FOR? THANKS TO HER MANY YEARS AS A COLUMNIST, WE KNOW: SHE STANDS FOR ENDING HUMAN LIFE.

But what about the 1988 column in which Lamm suggested that legislators impose "a weight limit" on newborns "under which no heroics would be permitted"? Would she take the same argument to the Senate floor? And how about the column she wrote a year earlier in which she suggested that lawmakers "impose an age limit of 55 for public funding and insurance payments for the more expensive [organ] transplants"? How will that play with the AARP? Jabara doesn't miss a beat. "She would never, ever advocate legislation on that. That would be outrageous."

Not surprisingly, no one in the Lamm campaign wants to spend a lot of time talking about the candidate's former career as a pundit. Instead, Lamm is hoping to undermine Campbell's support by pointing out that as a senator he has moved steadily rightward since switching to the Republican party in 1995. During the 1992 campaign, for example, Campbell boasted of his "100 percent rating with the National Abortion Rights Action League." (That year, NARAL spent at least $200,000 in his behalf.) Once he became a Republican, Campbell voted to restrict access to abortion for women on overseas military bases. Lamm describes this as a "flip-flop," and it may be. Yet few Campbell supporters are likely to care.

Campbell's popularity in Colorado seems to have more to do with his image as a western man of action than with specific votes he has cast. And Campbell's image is one thing that hasn't changed since 1992. Ads that ran during his first campaign stressed Campbell's tough early life and subsequent personal achievements. "Imagine this," began one such spot. "A young Native American. His mother the victim of tuberculosis, his father of chronic alcoholism." By the time the ad was over, viewers had learned about Campbell's experiences in an orphanage, as a Korean War veteran, schoolteacher, paramedic, Olympic ath-



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lete, military policeman, agricultural worker, husband, father, and rancher. Just when you thought Campbell's c.v. couldn't get more packed, the ad went on to say that Campbell was an Indian chief (of the Northern Cheyenne), as well as a committed environmentalist. The commercial ended with Campbell riding his horse across an open prairie.

It was a winning image, and the 1998 Campbell campaign is likely to emphasize that the senator is still the rough-hewn individualist he's been since the beginning. "I've always had motorcycles," Campbell told the *Rocky Mountain News* this summer. "I've always worn a ponytail. I haven't owned shoes since 1964 [only boots, one gathers]. Why should I stop all that just because I'm in public office?"

Dottie Lamm, meanwhile, is still trying to define her image for Colorado voters. The latest Clinton scandals may have helped. A longtime Clinton supporter, Lamm now says she would not welcome a fund-raising visit from the president, despite the fact her campaign badly needs the money. What the president did with Monica Lewinsky, she says, was simply too "immoral." And, Lamm explains brightly, "the whole theme of my campaign is moral values. We've got a crisis of moral values in this country."

Dottie Lamm as Bill Bennett. It may be the unlikeliest image of all.

Tucker Carlson is a staff writer for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

HELLO, NEUMANN!

by Matthew Rees

RARE IS THE CONGRESSMAN who'll bring an overhead projector to a town meeting so he can lecture on the federal debt. And Wisconsin Republican Mark Neumann, to be sure, is no ordinary congressman. But his quirkiness—along with an aggressive campaign and Bill Clinton's woes—has put him in a dead heat in his campaign to unseat Democratic senator Russ Feingold.

Proof of Neumann's idiosyncratic bent is his choice of issues. He's hitting taxes and Social Security, which are conventional. He's also touching on partial-birth abortion—a bit risky, but probably wise. Yet he's almost surely the only serious Senate candidate who's making his opponent's stance against a flag-burning amendment to the Constitution a top campaign theme. Also, Neumann says he won't be hanging the Clinton millstone around Feingold's neck.

MARK NEUMANN HOPES TO BE THE NEXT SENATOR FROM WISCONSIN—AND HE IS DOING IT WITH A HILARIOUS TV AD ABOUT COW FLATULENCE.

Neumann has attracted attention recently with a hilarious TV ad, which shows a frazzled, white-coated scientist chasing a herd of cows. The ad's narrator—Neumann himself—states that "this scientist is hard at work spending your tax dollars. It's all part of a government study on cow gas. You know, the kind of gas that comes from . . . "—at which point the viewer hears the sound of flatulence. Neumann notes that Feingold voted for the study, wryly adding that "this smelled like Beltway waste to me, so I wrote a bill that killed the funding for this ridiculous program."

Pretty crafty advertising from a guy who's so square he's divisible by four. ("My idea of heaven," the nerdy former math teacher once said, "is a wall with numbers on it.") Yet it fits into Neumann's strategy of portraying himself as a populist budget-cutter and Feingold as an elitist big spender. No dig is too small: Neumann has taken to calling his opponent "Russell," which he says is more appropriate for a Rhodes scholar and Harvard Law graduate. "Russ," he says, connotes a guy who's a Packers fan and goes deer hunting.

Neumann isn't bothering with many campaign appearances, choosing instead to devote his time to raising money for radio and television ads—which is probably a good idea. Neumann is notoriously abrasive (it's no surprise that he coaches his son's football team) and no Clinton of a schmoozer.

Feingold, by contrast, is all polish. He visits each of Wisconsin's 72 counties every year and has an easy familiarity with the voters (he was elected to the state Senate at age 29). Asked about the tightening in the polls, he professes not to be concerned, telling the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, "I kind of like the underdog role anyway." This is plausible—Feingold wasn't favored to win either the Democratic primary or the general election in 1992—but glosses over the fact that, as the incumbent senator, he should hold a comfortable lead.

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A recent GOP poll showed him at 42 percent, a sure sign of vulnerability.

One of Feingold's problems is his devotion to campaign-finance reform. This issue won't win him many votes—people find the subject only slightly more interesting than Italian pension reform—and, to be true to his principles, he agreed to limit his campaign spending to $3.8 million, which comes out to one dollar per voter. While Neumann has also agreed to this limit, it is worse for Feingold, who as the incumbent could easily raise more.

Another problem for Feingold is that the state's Republican governor, the popular Tommy Thompson, is running far ahead of a weak Democratic opponent. Republicans think Thompson's coattails—which four years ago led to a GOP-controlled state assembly for the first time since 1970—just might sweep Neumann into the Senate.

Mark Neumann's ad mocking a government study of "cow gas"

If Neumann does indeed prevail, he'll owe something to Thompson, but also to Bill Clinton. A recent private poll found that 33 percent of Wisconsin voters are "likely" to want to send a message to Clinton for his conduct. This is bad news for Feingold, even though he's never been particularly close to the president and isn't expected to have him in for a campaign visit. But the Big He will nonetheless loom over the campaign.

With Democratic turnout likely to be down, Neumann's decision to make partial-birth abortion one of his top issues could decide the race for him. In addition to a large Catholic population (almost 30 percent of the state), Wisconsin has one of the most active right-to-life movements in the country. Earlier this year, pro-lifers waged a campaign to recall Feingold and Herb Kohl, the state's other senator, for their votes against the partial-birth-abortion ban. The effort failed, narrowly, but the pro-life activists collected nearly 350,000 signatures.

National pro-life groups hope to use this energy to bring new voters to the polls and unseat Feingold, who is one of their least favorite politicians. Why? On the Senate floor in 1996, Rick Santorum, a Pennsylvania Republican, asked Feingold whether a woman and her doctor should be allowed to kill a baby who is slated to be aborted but who is accidentally delivered. Feingold responded, "That is a question that should be answered by a doctor and by the woman who receives advice from the doctor." Ever since, Feingold has tried to clear up this apparent acceptance of infanticide—he had the *Congressional Record* transcript of the exchange altered—but Neumann and his anti-abortion allies will be reminding voters of Feingold's statement right up to Election Day.

For all the differences between the two candidates, both have maverick tendencies that appeal to the state's anti-establishment tradition. Feingold has taken high-profile stances opposing the White House on trade with China, troops to Bosnia, and Alan Greenspan's reappointment as chairman of the Fed. Similarly, Neumann's independence, and his single-minded crusade against the federal debt, has made him a pariah among tax-cutting conservatives. The *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, for example, has repeatedly panned his debt-reduction plan. Neither is Neumann terribly popular among his House GOP colleagues: He was one of the few not to support Newt Gingrich's reelection as speaker. And even Rush Limbaugh, with Neumann as his guest, criticized the congressman's economic agenda. (Neumann tried to turn

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What's On The Minds of America's Leading Conservatives?

Popular conservative authors pictured (*left to right*) Pat Buchanan, Ann Coulter, G. Gordon Liddy, Robert H. Bork, Dinesh D'Sousa, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., and Thomas Sowell.

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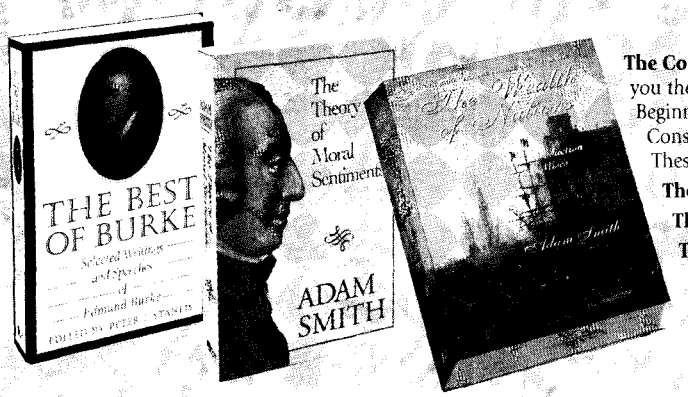

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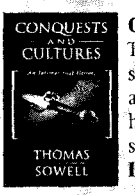

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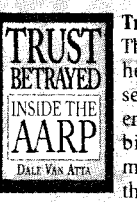

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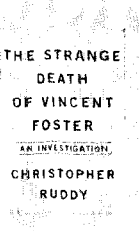

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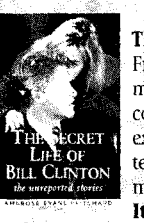

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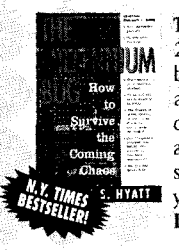

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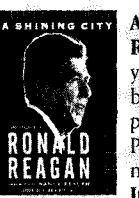

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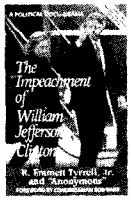

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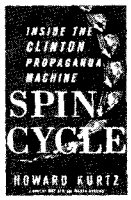

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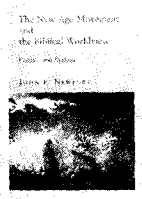

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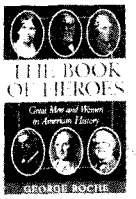

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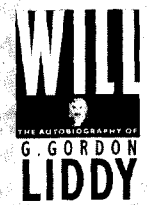

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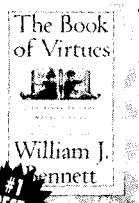

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this to his advantage, saying, "This is a wonderful, wonderful country, when a country kid from East Troy, Wisconsin, can be on a show with someone as important as Rush Limbaugh.")

Neumann's populism is occasionally tacky, but it just may work: Feingold was little known when he was elected, and he has been relatively quiet throughout his term. Aside from the partial-birth-abortion controversy, he hasn't done much to alienate state voters. Still, Monicagate will depress Democratic turnout, and Feingold is vulnerable to a barrage of negative ads—which has presented Mark Neumann with a genuine chance to stage an upset.

Matthew Rees is a staff writer for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

THE RIGHT MISS AMERICA

by Pia Nordlinger

FORGET ARTIFICIAL SMILES AND SWIMSUITS: These days, the Miss America Pageant is all about "the issues." The annual televised glam-fest, aired this year on September 19, has become a bit more high-minded since 1989, when pageant organizers started requiring contestants to articulate a "platform" featuring "socially motivated activism."

Last year, the emphasis on social responsibility produced Kate Shindle, who ran on AIDS activism and held progressive views. Shindle gave her support not only to AIDS research but also to needle exchanges for intravenous drug users, condom distribution in schools, and same-sex marriage. This year, the pageant righted itself: The new Miss America is Nicole Johnson of Virginia, a born-again Christian, graduate of Pat Robertson's Regent University, and crusader for diabetes awareness who has already suggested that President Clinton should resign.

AP/Wide World Photos

Shindle passes the tiara to Johnson

Although Johnson considers the president's behavior "so sad," she does not wear her politics—or her religion—on her beaded sleeve. She mentioned her faith only glancingly in the contest interviews. Those who know her, however, stress the depth of her commitment. Elinor Malendoski, admissions director at Regent and a friend of Johnson's, says most of the students who choose Regent "do so because there is a Christian base. They combine their spiritual beliefs with their academic work." Malendoski often asked the future beauty queen to entertain groups of prospective students. "She would sing for them and then talk about how she felt she was led by the Lord to attend Regent."

Malendoski says that Johnson "lives her faith," adding, "I'm sure she would speak a word of encouragement if it were appropriate, but she would never try to evangelize." Donald Piper, who taught some of Johnson's courses in journalism, agrees: "Faith will always be the foundation on which she builds. You will see the Christian values played out in her life, but they won't be spelled out."

Susan Richmond, a former roommate of Johnson's and now a staffer for conservative senator John Ashcroft, says she and Johnson chose to live together because they wanted to encourage each other spiritually. "She has a relationship with God," says Richmond, "rather than just a separate or compartmentalized 'religion.'" In times of pain caused by Johnson's diabetes, Richmond recalls, "faith would get her through. . . . She always turns to prayer. We have prayed together and for each other."

When asked about her politics, Johnson's friends say her religion comes first. Former classmate Kristen Vischer puts it this way: "Wherever the Bible is on an issue, that's where Nicole would stay." Notes Richmond, "She's not a centrist, but not an extremist. There were things that Kate Shindle was pushing that Nicole would not condone." Could media criticism cause her to adopt more popular views? Malendoski says Johnson "wouldn't compromise what she believed in her heart just to be politically correct."

Johnson earned a masters degree in broadcast jour-

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nalism, then interned at the Christian Broadcasting Network. Later she helped produce a "women's issues" segment of the *700 Club*—coincidentally, co-hosted by Miss America 1973, Terry Meeuwsen. In 1996, she attended the Broadcast Journalism School at the Leadership Institute, Morton Blackwell's training ground for young conservative troops. "About 99 percent of the students we train from Regent are conservatives," says Mark Montini, vice president for programming. Asked at the pageant whom she would most like to interview, Johnson named Elizabeth Dole—who repaid the compliment with a congratulatory phone call during Johnson's first press conference.

NICOLE JOHNSON WENT TO PAT ROBERTSON'S UNIVERSITY AND WORKED FOR THE 700 CLUB. SHE WILL NOT BE PASSING OUT CONDOMS.

Along with religion and politics, Johnson's "passion is her platform," says former co-worker Linda Vulcano. During her year as Miss Virginia, Johnson was a tireless spokesman for the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation and the America Diabetes Association. Diagnosed with the disease at 19, she learned to regulate her intake of insulin and eat meals on a rigid schedule. Last year, she started using an automated insulin regulator, which she wore during all pageant events except the swimsuit competition. Much was made of the pager-sized black box at Johnson's hip, to the undoubted dismay of contestants with platforms like "Privacy Rights for Public Figures" or "Basic Life-Saving Techniques Education" or—most orthodox of all—that of the second runner-up, Miss Florida, "Celebrating Cultural Diversity."

Since the introduction of platforms, the judges have been on strict orders to disregard the subject matter. They are to focus instead on the contestant's sincerity and ability to articulate her position. Leonard Horn, chief executive officer of the Miss America Organization, is adamant that judges must keep their political opinions out of their decisions. "You can't ask these independent women to advocate something and then censor them." The section of the contest in which the candidates make the case for their platforms accounts for just 30 percent of the overall score, but Horn says it dominates the judges' view of the women.

Nicole Johnson is not the first born-again Christian for whom the band has played "There She Is." Others include Kellye Cash (1987), Debbye Turner (1990), and Terry Meeuwsen. But the contrast between Johnson and the condom enthusiast who immediately preceded her highlights her religious-conservative profile. This year, American girls will look up to a Miss America who, whether they know it or not, tilted the tiara from left to right in one short walk down the runway.

Pia Nordlinger is a reporter for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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There seems to be much concern, especially in United States government circles, that the so-called peace process has reached an impasse and that it may be ultimately endangered. The fault for this is generally attributed to the Israelis and especially to the alleged "intransigence" of Israel's prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu.

What are the facts?

Promises unkept—agreements broken. Yasser Arafat made promises and assurances that he obviously never had any intention of fulfilling—the principal, and really the easiest to comply with, being the promise to rescind the infamous covenant of the PLO, which unequivocally calls for the destruction of Israel. Also, the PLO has taken no measures to curb terrorist activity, which was Israel's primary concern and consideration in agreeing to the far-reaching concessions of Oslo. In fact, the Palestinian Authority (P.A.) continues to shelter well-known members of terrorist groups and, more often than not, to enlist them in their so-called police force. This "police force" is now estimated to be over 50,000 members strong—more than twice the number allowed under the Oslo accord. There is also the never-ending incitement to violence on the part of the Palestinians, the poisoning of the minds of school children, and the steady anti-Israel invective in Palestinian media. Israel is always described as the enemy, never as the peace partner. "With blood and fire we shall liberate Jerusalem" is not a slogan that conveys peaceful intentions and a desire for reconciliation.

> "The policy is still...to advance the struggle and to damage and hopefully to destroy Israel. There can be no peace until that mindset totally changes"

The basic flaw in the process. *But the basic flaw in* the peace process is the fact that the Arab world has not come to terms with the very existence of Israel, the Jewish state. The presence of such a state in the midst of Arabdom is intolerable to the Moslem Arabs, an insult that has to be removed. No "sacrifice for peace" can change that.

This mindset includes all Arabs—their leaders and their respective populations—including, for certain, Egypt and the Palestinians. The only exception may be King Hussein of Jordan, who, after having participated in three unsuccessful wars against Israel, appears to be truly desirous of peace.

Mr. Netanyahu's alleged "intransigence" is based on his reluctance or unwillingness to give away, without getting anything in return, vital strategic assets to those who are sworn to destroy Israel. And it isn't clear why Israel should yield any territory at all. The whole concept of "land for peace" is a new one in the history of mankind. It had always been clearly understood that, if a country launched an aggressive war and lost it, a price would have to be paid—usually including the loss of territory. Why should things now be reversed and why should Israel, the repeatedly aggressed-against but victorious party, pay a price in territory? And, in any case, if "land for peace" is such a good idea, why, for the sake of such peace, shouldn't the Arabs make some such "sacrifice?"

Our State Department, unfortunately, also seems to have fallen under this spell and keeps exhorting the Israeli government to make ever greater accommodations to the Palestinians in order to bring about peace. This is the more remarkable *since it should be clear that the only consideration* that keeps Arab aggression against Israel in check is Israel's strength. Once that strength is diminished, war will follow, and not peace. Israel is America's unsinkable aircraft carrier, its most important strategic asset in that part of the world. It would be folly to weaken Israel and to make it a strategic liability for America, instead of an asset.

The Oslo peace process never had a very good chance to work because the gap between the two sides was too wide. What Israel could concede without totally compromising its security was not sufficient for the Palestinians. Arafat, having become the victim of his own rhetoric, has promised his people what Israel has always been unable to give, especially surrendering vital strategic assets, endangering its water supply, admitting hundreds of thousands of so- called refugees, and conceding any part of Jerusalem. Much of this could have been overcome if Arafat, in the more than four years since the handshake, would have shown real evidence of a desire for making peace with Israel and if he would have kept his obligations under the Oslo agreement. But that is not the case. The policy is still to break every promise and to violate every provision, as long as it serves to advance the struggle and to damage and hopefully to destroy Israel. There can be no peace until that mindset totally changes. Unfortunately, Oslo or no Oslo, that does not seem to be in the cards for the immediate future.

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Hollywood Beats Harvard

By David Brooks

It's an iron law of American life that each new ruling class makes you nostalgic for the last one. But who could have predicted that we'd so soon be longing for the Rhodes-scholar types who trod the earth like giants in the early days of the Clinton administration? Who could have foretold that we would already be looking back fondly at the wonkfest days of 1993, when those résumé gods poured into White House posts from their law firms, media perches, Kennedy School chairs, and Renaissance Weekends? Many Americans found them arrogant then, but compared with the people who now set the tone for the Clinton administration, let's face it, those Ivy League meritocrats look like the Founding Fathers.

Now when we speak about Clinton chums, we don't mean academic policy johnnies like Robert Reich, Derek Shearer, and Ira Magaziner. Now it's Harry Thomason, Steven Spielberg, Barbra Streisand, and the rest of the Santa Monica/Lincoln Bedroom set. Now Clinton's fondest media admirers aren't found among Ivy League grads at the *New York Times*, CBS, and the *Washington Post*. Now his media admirers are Geraldo Rivera and *Salon* magazine. Over the past seven years, the Clinton administration has gone from endless seminar bull sessions to endless star-studded fund-raisers, and its spiritual center of gravity has shifted from the faculty lounges of Harvard and Yale to the ballroom at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles. Bill Clinton has always had two sides to his personality: the earnest policy junkie and the Hollywood-celebrity hound. But in the early days it was the technocrats and talkers who seemed ascendant. Now it's the fame and money people. In short, in 1993 when we thought of Bill Clinton we thought of wonkery. Now we think of wankery.

This power shift has a number of consequences. In the short term, it means that the Clinton administration can count on little support in what now passes for the East Coast establishment—in the media, on Wall Street, even within the elite universities. Over the longer term, it means that the Clinton administration will leave few traces once it is over. Back in 1993, it was possible—and Lord knows the Clintonites didn't hesitate—to compare Clinton's cohorts to Kennedy's New Frontiersmen and FDR's New Dealers. These administrations each brought to town a new generation of super-educated professionals. But whereas the New Dealers and New Frontiersmen hung around for decades, setting the tone for national politics long after their administrations were over, it is hard to imagine that ten years from now Washington will be full of people who regard the Clinton administration as the golden moment of their lives, who write books about the glories of Clintonism and begin their op-ed pieces by arguing that their latest proposal is "what Bill Clinton would have done." It's hard to imagine that Clintonism will long survive as a beacon.

THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION HAS GONE FROM ENDLESS SEMINAR BULL SESSIONS TO ENDLESS STAR-STUDDED FUND-RAISERS.

And there's a broader issue worth thinking about, too. It is the duty of all of us baby boomers to turn every hiccup in our lives into a learning experience. The great Clinton disillusionment is bound to have a lasting effect on the Renaissance Weekenders who once placed such faith in the man. It's already having a conservatizing effect on their moral attitudes. It's reminding everyone—not least former Rhodes scholars like George Stephanopoulos and Robert Reich—of the importance of the traditional bourgeois virtues: fidelity, honesty, self-discipline. The familiar conservative rap against the boomer elites is that they are just a bunch of grown-up counterculturalists. Once a hippie always a hippie. But if anything, the Harvard-Berkeley-Columbia grads in the media seem more judgmental these days about the president's morality than the public at large.

David Brooks is a senior editor of The Weekly Standard.

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Reading the news reports about Clinton from 1993 is like reentering a lost world. Everybody was so impressed with all the brain power. The Clintonites floated into town on a tide of seminars and talk. There was that economic summit in Little Rock, the wonk Woodstock, where everybody marveled at the president-elect's grasp of policy arcana. There were new working groups and talk shops, like the National Economic Council and the Task Force on National Health Reform. The White House was proud of its new office on information technology, which seemed so smart and up to date. As Andrew Ferguson noted at the time, the air was filled with talk of "implementation strategies" and "decision trees." Ira Magaziner wasn't the only one filling up his three-ring notebooks. Clinton was going to "focus like a laser beam" on how to "grow the economy"—to bring back two phrases that seem poignantly innocent compared with current White House spin. This was the fruition of a long liberal evolution. In those days, especially after the Dukakis campaign, the epicenter of thoughtful liberalism was at Harvard. Liberal ideas were attacked as products of the Harvard policy boutique. In those days, too, there was still some sense that earthy figures like James Carville were all right for a campaign, but they weren't genteel enough for liberal governance.

National Enquirer

TV producer Linda Bloodworth-Thomason and actress Markie Post in the Lincoln Bedroom, Jan. 1993

One of the most important essays of that era was Jacob Weisberg's "Clincest," written for the *New Republic*. Clincest, Weisberg wrote, is "about the increasingly cozy relationships between press, law, academia and government that now mark the Clinton era." In other words, it was about the formation of a new establishment, one based on brains and not blood. Weisberg detailed the elaborate networks linking the boomer eminentos who were suddenly seated at the summit of national power: Strobe Talbott, Robert Reich, George Stephanopoulos, Peter and Marian Wright Edelman, David Ellwood, Graham Allison, David Ifshin, Bruce Reed, and Kimba Wood, as well as media heavies like Howard Fineman, Joe Klein, Walter Isaacson, James Fallows, Taylor Branch, and Michael Kramer.

Weisberg was alarmed by the emergence of this hermetically sealed clique, not least because they tended to confuse their own personal interests with the national interest. Similarly, the *National Journal* perceived a "nagging sense of sameness" about all the Ivy League meritocrats Clinton had brought to town. And in June 1993, the historian Stephen Ambrose said of Clinton, "I don't know anyone who's gone so far appointing friends and cronies since Warren G. Harding."

Of course the glory days of the Clinton brainiacs didn't last long. In one sense, they were over before they began. The Clintons and the leading lights of the media should have gotten along famously. They went to the same schools and held the same attitudes. But the Clintons began to distrust the media as early as the Gennifer Flowers affair during the New Hampshire primary. Already it was sex that isolated the Clintons from their natural allies.

The media by and large didn't begin to turn against the Clintons until the early days of the administration. There was the gays-in-the-military fiasco. Travelgate. Lani Guinier. Reporters started complaining about underage yuppie staffers who weren't up to their jobs. The prevailing view in those days was that the administration was horribly disorganized and inexperienced. Meetings rambled on forever. The

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president was always late. Nobody knew how to get anything done. Wrote David Gergen, "That sucking sound you hear is the air rushing out of Bill Clinton's balloon as he ends his first 100 days in office."

After a few months of this, the Clintons reached out to the Washington establishment. Gergen himself was brought in to instill some professionalism. The president was told to quit jogging in unseemly shorts and that clunky digital watch that looked like it could have been used to program a computer. He began hosting informal dinners with Washington insiders. The White House staff even reconciled themselves to holding glitzy state dinners. (Early in the administration, foreign leaders were given "working lunches," so practical and unpretentious.) With time, even the Clinton White House, all its wonks notwithstanding, could have been made more businesslike. The breach with the media elites could have been repaired.

But corruption doomed the alliance. Whitewater flared. The administration had to go into its now-familiar pattern of legal evasions and outright deceptions. All of which had three effects. Within the administration it pushed the policy wonks away from the center of power. They didn't know anything about Whitewater, the Rose Law Firm, Castle Grande, Filegate, and the rest, and most of them were bad stonewallers anyway. Second, it alienated many elite opinion leaders. The *New York Times* editorial page, for example, turned on Clinton quickly and fiercely. "Give the Clinton-administration witnesses this. They were tireless in their legalistic evasions and prickly self-justifications," the *Times* editorialized in August 1994. If the boomer meritocrats were to form a true establishment, then a sense of shared purpose would have to develop among the government officials, media types, lawyers, and academics who would make up its pillars. But there could be no sense of shared purpose if the people inside the administration were constantly spinning and lying to the people outside.

And third, the scandals reminded everyone there are two sides to Bill Clinton. There is the Yale and Oxford side, all policy talk and high aspiration. But then there is the Elvis-loving, Hot Springs side—Clinton's low-class appetites for fame, sex, and approval, and his willingness to trample others to serve himself. Once the educated elites realized that the trailer-park side of Clinton would never go away, he couldn't really gain acceptance as a member of the club.

By 1995, health-care reform had failed, the elections had proven disastrous for the Democrats, and the center of gravity within the administration had dramatically shifted. Ira Magaziner, guru of ClintonCare, was off in internal exile. And in came Dick Morris. Here was a person all elite opinion could despise. As the president turned away from the earnest and self-confident policy wonks, his administration took on a Morris-like tone: opportunistic, shallow, amoral.

But something else was happening that nobody appreciated at the time. Guests were staying in the Lincoln Bedroom. During the first six years of the administration, the Clintons spent more nights at the White House with guests in that bedroom than they did without. And by the accounts the guests later gave, the Clintons tended to stay up late having deep conversations with their visitors. It's easy to see why the Clintons might have enjoyed so many visits from supporters. The Washington crowd was hostile. The press was vicious. The staff was forever slipping up. And amidst this barrage of negativity, in came, night after night, another friendly couple to tell the president and his wife how wonderful they were, to confirm all their views and prejudices. The guests must have had an enormous cumulative influence on the Clintons' state of mind. They must have reinforced the belief that anybody who would oppose so wonderful a couple as them must be part of some evil conspiracy.

A large number of those guests were Clinton friends and donors (the conflation of those two categories being characteristic of the Clinton era). The names that pop up on the Lincoln Bedroom lists are by now familiar members of the Clinton social scene: David Geffen, Jane Fonda, Lew Wasserman, Tom Hanks, Michael Douglas, Candice Bergen. These are the people who have stuck with Clinton loyally through the Lewinsky scandal. Many are now among the top donors to his legal-expenses trust.

Meanwhile, the administration was also evolving from one that disliked glitzy state dinners to one that adored them. And if you inspect the guest lists over time, you detect a shift away from literary and intellectual types toward movie stars. Hollywood celebrities have always been invited to state dinners, mixing with the usual clutches of business leaders and journalists. But never in such profusion. Not only are the big Hollywood Walk-of-Fame celebrities getting invites, but so are the middle-sized figures who in days of yore would have been happy to appear on *Hollywood Squares*: Susan Lucci, Mary Chapin Carpenter, and movie producer Steve Tisch. And of course the Hollywood donors didn't just send money the Clintons' way. Some of them sent their children and their friends' children to work as interns, including one Monica Lewinsky. So it's almost by force of trajectory that Bill Clinton, feeling victimized and alienated from Wash-

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ington, should have found himself fiddling with a young graduate of Beverly Hills High. And it's almost inevitable that when his affair was exposed, he would turn to Hollywood producer Harry Thomason to engineer his televised finger-wagging denial and to co-producer Linda Bloodworth-Thomason to manage Hillary Clinton's image in the days surrounding August 17.

The Hollywood crowd is obviously a lot more tolerant of adultery and other sex-related scandal than the East Coast elites. After all, they're in a business that depends on stirring up people's appetites. Furthermore, for all its exclusivity, the Hollywood elite is not as socially touchy as the East Coast establishment. Relying less on academic credentials and cultivated manners, the Hollywood biggies are willing to tolerate a little low-class vulgarity and self-destructive excess. Judging by their public defenses of the president, they also see the Clinton scandal through the prism of their own long-running culture war.

In their view, the world is divided between the artists and other emancipated individuals, who represent the forces of light, and the repressed and puritanical hordes, led by people like Jerry Falwell, who represent the forces of darkness. From the exalted heights of the Hollywood Hills, it's easy to see Bill Clinton as an angel of enlightenment and Kenneth Starr as the Darth Vader of prudery.

To the boomer meritocrats, on the other hand, Clinton's current behavior is decidedly non-U. Already, educated Clintonites such as Robert Reich are writing in a new vein. *Nostalgie de Little Rock*. They are beginning to look back wistfully on the heady days after the 1992 election and on the promise of what might have been. "I keep thinking of the conversations we had, the sense of possibility," one Clinton intimate told the *New Yorker*'s Joe Klein. Sooner or later there will be a spate of books on the sad decline of the Clinton presidency. They will be full of memories (think of *The Wonder Years*). There will be luxurious expositions of the authors' lost illusions. There will be lots of mid-life coming-of-age experiences.

Of course there is also a profound book to be written. Here was the most ballyhooed generation in the history of man. Its best minds had prepared for power for decades, earnestly studying, filling their three-ring binders. And when one of their own finally reached the summit of power, the promise came unraveled. All that intelligence and optimism was undone by something as primitive as dishonesty and lust. ♦

Bill Clinton, Moral Exhibitionist

By Noemie Emery

"I intend to reclaim my family life for my family," Bill Clinton said, petulantly, in his non-apology of August 17, explaining further, "Even presidents have private lives." And so some may, but not this one. This man, who has long since surpassed even Richard M. Nixon as our strangest president ever, has no private life to reclaim or return to, having long since ceded it, and his family, to his public ambitions.

Noemie Emery is a frequent contributor to The Weekly Standard.

Even as Clinton spoke, or pouted, Jesse Jackson—that mediaphilic political preacher, the only pastor in the world without a church but with a CNN contract—was filling the networks and the pages of *Newsweek* with detailed accounts of the personal grief of Clinton's wife and daughter, pouring out their intimate sorrows before hundreds of millions of strangers around the world. Days later, Clinton himself was still leaking the particulars of his family's pain, trying to spin a political tale of obstruction of justice into a domestic story of sin and redemption for which no further public rebuke is required.

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What *was* he doing? Trying to recast as a private mistake a public affront to the courts and the country that, though rooted in a personal failing, took place during work time, in a federal office—the very seat and symbol of the national government—with a young woman employed by the government. So is this scandal public or private? It is neither entirely, because it is both.

It is appropriate that Clinton have this sort of trouble, for never before in American history have the lines between public and private become quite so blurred. From "two for the price of one" through "pain in my marriage" through the bathos-soaked convention speeches of himself and his running mate—from the co-presidency shared by his wife to the current commotion about lust and lying—the Clintons have commingled the realms of public and private as no one before them. They have made us spectators to their private convulsions, and have made policy arrangements and government appointments an adjunct to their intimate lives. No president before has been so investigated, and so mocked, for his private indisciplines. But no president before has told us so much about his feelings, his life, and his underwear. His administration has been largely shaped by his wife; his campaigns have been won by exploiting emotion, by subjugating party and platform to personal stories. And he is paying the price.

Sean Delonas

Repeatedly, Clinton has had problems with women and working, alternately pouncing on lower-grade female aides in the workplace (a volunteer, an intern, and a one-time state worker are the source of his current political troubles) and handing off large chunks of power to his wife. Whatever else it may be, his marriage has been a political union, formed among other things to maximize the fulfillment of public ambitions. Together, the Clintons made up for each other's deficiencies. "Each saw in the other a partner for a political future," wrote Connie Bruck in the *New Yorker*. Said Clinton biographer David Maraniss, "They realized they could go further together than either could go on his own." And so they struck a bargain: His career would become their endeavor. His power, when they won it, would be shared.

Then the personal, already political, became all the more so through a purely private aspect of their married life. Mrs. Clinton's decision to cover up his adulteries—to defend him and to attack his accusers—added to her personal leverage, putting his career, and his future, in her hands. This private bargain was to have huge public consequences, as it greatly empowered an unelected non-official, who had never won a vote or explained her views to the voters.

With the personal now entirely political, it was no surprise at all when Mrs. Bill Clinton began to remake the contours of government, insisting on naming part of the cabinet (including two failed nominees for attorney general), imposing "diversity" standards that left some posts vacant (or staffed by incompetents), and filling the Justice Department with her professional

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cronies (one of whom would be jailed for embezzlement). For this sterling work, she was given control of health-care reform, seen as the crown jewel and legacy of the two-for-one couple, yet which produced a bill so badly planned and marketed that it never reached the floor of a Democratic Congress for a vote. In the course of the debate on health care, no one, least of all the president, dared to advise or correct this so-public first lady. But the debacle helped to shape the 1994 mid-term elections, which gave both houses of Congress to the Republican party for the first time in almost 40 years—a ground-breaking feat for a woman.

Mrs. Clinton, who gained all her power through her pact with her husband, used her role as first lady to evade accountability, taking refuge in her station as wife of the president and in the unwritten rule that the families of politicians are to be treated with courtesy. Her interviews and press availabilities were few and carefully controlled by her agents; she was never subjected to the intense questioning routine for department heads and members of Congress. Don't beat up on my wife, an enraged and oddly chivalrous Bill Clinton told Jerry Brown in a debate in the 1992 primary campaign when Brown raised the issue of Mrs. Clinton's prior professional dealings. Clinton implied that the little woman should be above such ungallant intrusions. But those intrusions are the accepted price of political power, either through congressional hearings or the rough-and-tumble of political campaigns. Except for the Clintons, who use the terms "public" and "private" to amass power and evade accountability for it, undermining the idea of responsible government.

PERSONAL DETAILS BECAME THE VERY BONA FIDES FOR PUBLIC SERVICE, OFFERED IN A FLOOD OF STORIES THAT WERE NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

While Hillary Clinton shuttles back and forth as convenient between being Pretty in Pink and Prime Minister, there have been new incursions into presidential privacy.

From Theodore Roosevelt on, canny politicians have known the value of putting forward attractive children, pretty wives, or appealing pictures of family life to shore up or warm up a personal image, but crucial rights of privacy were long maintained. TR did not tell us of his desperate struggles with childhood asthma, his crippled sister, his dissolute brother, or that dreadful day in 1884 when within a few hours his beloved mother and adored wife died. His cousin Franklin did not share with us his dark night of the soul about polio or his troubles with his mother or his wife. John Kennedy did not involve us in his many health problems or fill us in on his retarded sister or his brother's and sister's deaths. True, a boundary was crossed in the 1988 election, when their handlers, concerned that George Bush and Michael Dukakis were seen as unempathetic, pushed their families to talk in public about the loss of children; but it was not until Bill Clinton ran four years later that the walls truly came tumbling down.

Personal details became not the background to, but an equal partner with, policy talk. In fact, they became the very bona fides for public service, offered in a flood of invasive family stories that truly were none of our business. Even the sympathetic Hendrik Hertzberg, writing in the *New Republic*, appeared stunned by this open-door policy,

> the avalanche of intimate detail set forth in the two acceptance speeches and the films preceding them . . . Clinton's father's death in a car crash before he was born, his stepfather's drunken violence against his mother, separation from Mom at age 3, her breast cancer, how he met his wife and proposed to her, what his daughter looked like ("all sqwunched up") as she emerged from his wife's womb while he watched.

From the delivery room, we were taken to the sickroom, the deathbed, and then to the therapy session, as Al Gore, possibly a contagion victim, told us all about his son's near-fatal car accident and the family counseling that helped them all cope. Four years later, Gore upped the ante with a drawn-out and lachrymose account of his sister's death from lung cancer, as his parents, then in their eighties, teared up in the audience.

So, in the Clinton years, it became perfectly all right to use your dead sister—your sick child—your dead father—your addicted brother—to further your political interests. Already long before, in Bill Clinton's family, it had become all right to drastically alter your private persona to fit the requirements of politics. Prior first ladies all looked like themselves through adulthood, remaining true to some internal self-image. Barbara Bush stated that she would do anything at all to win an election except diet, dress younger, or color her hair. Hillary Clinton, on the other hand, was willing to transform her appearance in response to her husband's defeat as governor in 1980. She tossed out her maiden name and thick glasses; cut, dyed, and softened her hair; and went in for feminine dresses.

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Today she resembles nothing so much as a focus group's idea of an acceptable public woman, buffed to a highly professional gloss, her stiff hair a glaring, improbable yellow, the total political artifact.

With all this in mind, it is only fitting that, as the Clintons fight to survive this most intimate scandal, their intimate actions are treated as spin. What are they showing us? Why are they showing it? Are their displays of rage and forgiveness genuine? Or are they put on for effect? Networks broke into their programming on August 18 so that viewers could watch the Clintons, Chelsea between them, walk across the South Lawn to the whirly-bird, then transfer to their plane, and later disembark on Martha's Vineyard. People scanned their expressions and gestures for portents. How close are they standing? Are they touching? Are they relaxed, or do they seem anxious? And what does it all mean?

Almost as one, journalists questioned what Maureen Dowd called the Clintons' "counterfeit privacy"—the constant talk about family rage, the "healing process"—seeing it as part of a plan to help them stay in office by framing the scandal as a drama to be played out not in Congress, but in a family setting, with Mrs. Clinton, not the Senate, as judge. "Even Hillary Clinton's much-publicized frostiness as she walked across the White House lawn . . . may not be real," cautioned Fred Hiatt in the *Washington Post*. "The agitprop machine has dialed up frostiness because it may be politically useful if we think Clinton is paying a price at home for his sins."

THE CLINTONS HAVE MADE THEIR MARRIAGE THEIR PLATFORM—THEIR SIGNATURE AS FEMINISTS AND AS PROGRESSIVE, BRAVE NEW PEOPLE.

Much suspicion fell on Jesse Jackson's visit to the White House to offer spiritual counsel—a political favor cynically framed as a mission of mercy, by a man who could pretend to objectivity while dealing out dollops of spin. Jackson, said Jason Zengerle in the *New Republic*, "allows Clinton to play the Chelsea card. The public likes Chelsea, and feels sorry for her, but the White House could never exploit that directly by having the carefully protected first daughter plead her wayward dad's case." The public never forgave Richard Nixon for letting his daughter go out and defend him. The Clintons know better than that.

Weeks after his public confession of lying, Clinton appeared still deeply unknowing about what the words public and private can mean. "He is apologizing for what is arguably none of the public's business (infidelity) while continuing to conceal what is inarguably the public's business," wrote Daniel Wattenberg in the *Washington Times*. Clinton finally apologized to Monica Lewinsky, who was his consensual partner, but not to Paula Jones and Kathleen Willey, whom he harassed and assaulted. He has not apologized for breaking laws. He also seems to have a peculiar conception of his job. "I tried to be your friend," he told a Florida audience. Yet he wasn't elected to be anyone's friend, but to lead the country and look after its interests. Instead, Clinton seems to see his role as forming a private relationship with each of more than 200 million individuals. People who, after this, may not want him around.

Those devoted to Hillary Clinton report that she is pained especially by the constant prying into her married life. But she and her husband make their marriage their platform—their signature as feminists and as progressive-minded brave new people. They can hardly complain that we are still curious, now that their marriage appears to be something other than what it was sold as; something bizarre and corrupted. Nobody asked them to make their marriage an issue; to talk about "pain in their marriage," as if it concerned us, or to badger us now with tales of their "healing." Why should we care about any of this? The Roosevelts had plenty of pain, and very little healing, and they managed to run things much better. This is not what governing is.

Among the several species of damage the Clintons have done to this country, one surely is the damage they have done to the concept of privacy, at least for people in politics and public life. In their blunderings, their opportunism, their power grabs, their evasions and excuses, their affronts and their insults, not the least of these being their scorched-earth attacks upon the private lives of others, the Clintons have helped to injure the concept of privacy, along with the concepts of decency and truth.

It is only fitting then that Bill Clinton, who wanted to stand in a hall filled with heroes, now seems like someone out of Philip Roth. Clinton's Complaint—President Portnoy—where will it all end? The Clintons will be remembered now not for public works, but for private pathologies, and it is all their own doing. As they scurry in search of the "zone of privacy" Mrs. Clinton invoked when they invited us all into the world of their marriage, they have nothing to run to. They leveled it, all by themselves. ♦

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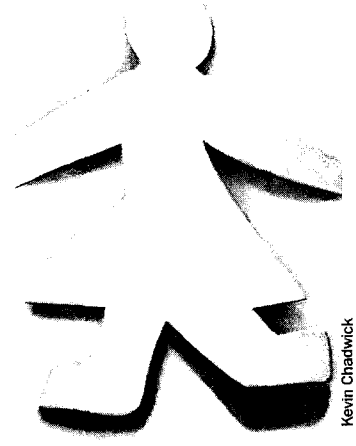
LIBERALISM AND CLONING

By Adam Wolfson

The summer of 1998 will be remembered not only for baseball sluggers and Oval Office sex but also for animal cloning. Reports of cloned cows and mice and even the cloning of a nearly extinct breed of New Zealand cow trickled in from around the globe. Curiously, though, the new spate of clonings brought a reaction different from the concern that greeted the announcement almost two years ago of a sheep named Dolly—the first animal ever cloned from an adult mammal.

The general response to Dolly was, How do we stop this thing from being done to humans? President Clinton promptly banned federal funding of human cloning and asked the private sector to go along voluntarily. Warning scientists against playing God, the president ordered the National Bioethics Advisory Commission to investigate the question and report in 90 days. The commission's report called the cloning of humans "morally unacceptable for anyone in the public or private sector"—though it recommended only a temporary ban, pending scientific advances and public debate. (Skeptics wondered whether the commission were only buying time until scientists could perfect a cloning technique, making it safe to try on humans in due course.)



Kevin Chadwick

In June 1997, the president sent Congress legislation that would prohibit the cloning of humans for five years. And there was every reason to think that such a bill would pass. The vast majority of Americans oppose human cloning, and 20 European states have banned it. But little happened, at least until, in December 1997, the scientist Richard Seed announced his plans to clone a human being. The FDA quickly asserted its regulatory authority to stop anyone who would attempt to clone a human, and there was a flurry of activity on Capitol Hill. But again, nothing happened.

Adam Wolfson is executive editor of the Public Interest.

Conservative Republicans were ready to act, but they wanted to outlaw both human cloning and experiments on human embryos. Democrats were willing to back the former goal, but they (and some Republicans) argued that a ban on embryo research would block advances against cancer, Parkinson's, Alzheimer's, diabetes, and other diseases. The upshot: no legislative ban.

By this summer, the concern had somehow dissipated. The public seemed blasé. In August, a wealthy Texan reportedly donated $2.3 million to researchers at Texas A&M University to clone his pet dog, Missy. And Dr. Lee M. Silver, a Princeton molecular biologist and the author of *Remaking Eden: Cloning and Beyond in a Brave New World*, told the *Washington Post*, "In six years, you'll be calling me to ask me what I think about the first human clone."

Why did nothing happen? How did we move so casually from calls for a five-year moratorium on human cloning to predictions that a human will be cloned within roughly the same time? Part of the answer lies in the transformation of liberalism over the last quarter century from a public philosophy with a vibrant moral center and real intellectual ballast to one that is merely the shell of its former self.

The debate about human cloning made its first appearance in the 1970s. James D. Watson and Francis Crick had published their work on the structure of DNA in 1953, and scientists had had some limited success cloning frogs in the '50s and '60s. By the early '70s, the wisdom of human cloning began to be widely discussed, by Watson in the *Atlantic Monthly* (against), Nobel laureate Joshua Lederberg in the *Washington Post* (for), and Leon Kass in the *Public Interest* (against). In the debate that ensued, some of liberalism's most important spokesmen raised their voices against human cloning, including the *New York*

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Times Magazine and liberalism's leading constitutional scholar, Laurence H. Tribe.

In 1972, the *New York Times Magazine* published a powerful critique of human cloning by Columbia University psychiatrist Willard Gaylin. In his article, Gaylin gave expression to the principal *liberal* reasons for opposition. He articulated a principle of "humanness." Science offers mankind endless possibilities, he argued, but we do not choose to travel down those paths that we deem inconsistent with our given nature. So too Tribe, in a series of articles in the early '70s, opposed cloning on the grounds that it would detract from our "humanness." It would do so in several ways.

As many commentators have pointed out, cloning is but a step along the way towards the genetic manipulation of the species. Dr. Silver argues that it is cloning that will take genetic engineering out of the realm of fantasy and make it a reality. But man's ability to reconstruct human nature is, Gaylin pointed out, "by definition, the capacity to destroy himself through transformation into another creature—perhaps better, but not man."

In the choice between man and superman, Gaylin affirmed liberalism's faith in man. And I would point out that whether the eugenics is organized from above, by, say, a totalitarian state, or opted for from below, by yuppies who wish to improve, by genetic manipulation, the SAT scores or physical appearance of their offspring, the practice is objectionable. (Obviously, we are not talking here about uncontroversial efforts to ensure health.) Liberalism's opposition to the eugenic transformation of man into superman was always based on more than whether the process was state directed. The objection was to the thing itself—to the very idea of creating a superman.

Other arguments against cloning also flowed from this principle of humanness. For instance, Tribe in the early '70s emphasized that cloning and similar technologies would turn human beings into mere objects. Certainly, many technologies are supportive of human dignity, but, as Tribe argued, human cloning and related technologies are not among them. By making human nature increasingly subject to external, scientific control, such technologies would make it difficult to conceive of the resulting products as "free and rational" agents. The upshot, as Tribe then saw, would be disastrous: "In a society that came to view its members as just so many cells or molecules to be manufactured or rearranged at will, one wonders how easy it would be to recall what all the shouting about 'human rights' was supposed to mean."

Another anti-cloning principle articulated by Gaylin had to do with liberalism's core belief in the value of life and the right to life. Any attempt to clone human beings, he warned, would produce failures along the way. And what, he asked,

> will we do with the discarded messes along the line? What will we do with those pieces and parts, near-successes and almost-persons? What will we call the debris? At what arbitrary point will the damaged "goods" become damaged "children," requiring nurture rather than disposal? The more successful one became at this kind of experimentation, the more horrifyingly close to human would be the failures. The whole thing seems beyond contemplation for ethical and esthetic, as well as scientific, reasons.

This danger strikes at liberalism's heart. At the point that liberalism begins to make distinctions between human life that is worthy of preservation and that which is not, entitling some to rights but not others, it ceases to be entirely liberal.

Finally, Gaylin and Tribe made the connection between liberalism's concern to preserve the natural environment and what should be its concern to preserve man's nature. On this point, one would do well to recall that Gaylin's and Tribe's articles were written soon after the environmental movement took off. In 1962, Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* was published, and in 1970, Sen. Gaylord Nelson kicked off Earth Day. The parallel between preserving the planet and safeguarding man was obvious to Gaylin: "The unpredicted complexities of environmental intervention, with the resulting ecological disasters, should serve as a warning model." What Rachel Carson had argued DDT was to the natural environment, Gaylin suggested cloning was to human nature. What was the use of protecting Mother Nature if one did nothing to preserve human nature?

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That was liberalism circa 1972. Twenty-five years later, liberalism has all but forgotten its powerfully reasoned arguments against human cloning. After the February 1997 announcement of Dolly's birth, Gustav Niebuhr began a front-page news story for the *New York Times* as follows: "The cloning of an adult mammal offers a striking example of how technology can outpace the moral and social thinking that would guide it." The *Times*'s lead editorial just a few days before had begun with the same observation: "The startling news that scientists have cloned an adult sheep . . . is a reminder that reproductive technologies are advancing far faster than our understanding of their ethical and social implications." Had the writers at the *Times* failed to search their own archives? Or was it simply that they had rejected liberalism's old understanding of the ethics of human cloning and gone searching for new understandings?

In the years between Gaylin's prophetic article and Dolly's birth, liberalism underwent a transformation. To begin with, liberalism came to advocate an absolute right to abort a fetus (even if exercising this right meant performing the ghastly procedure known as partial-birth abortion on a third-trimester fetus). For this reason alone, liberalism would eventually have to say yes to the research on human embryos that will make cloning possible: On what principled ground could one insist on the right to abort a fetus while objecting to experiments on it?

Gaylin himself predicted that liberalism's embrace of abortion would have "broad social effects" on issues of life and death. And he was right. In the early 1970s, before *Roe* v. *Wade* had wrought its effects, liberals could not help but shudder when confronted by Gaylin's chilling question, What is to be done with cloning's "discarded messes," its not-quite-human failures? Not so today. Liberalism has come to view such "discarded messes" as a means for conquering disease. The reason liberals in Congress gave for opposing the Republican-proposed ban on cloning, including the cloning of embryos, was that it would slow or even halt medicine's advance on many important fronts. One must admire the humanitarian impulse behind such scientific endeavors. Who can lightly turn his back on cures for terrible diseases? And as Gaylin acknowledged, it is very difficult to say what precisely is lost in the bargain.

But one can wonder, as Gaylin did, whether an unrestrained effort to relieve suffering will eventually vitiate our very humanity. Already there are signs of such an effect. In the matter of doctor-assisted suicide, for example, well-meaning liberals advocate the killing of the sick and dying as a way of ending undeniable anguish. An unrestrained fear of death and suffering apparently makes us fearless and heartless. Even the idea of humanness itself, on which Gaylin and Tribe built their case against cloning, has lost its moral content. In the summer of 1997, a group calling itself the International Academy of Humanism issued a declaration defending human cloning and related research for its "potential benefits." These newfangled "humanists," including the late Isaiah Berlin, Harvard philosopher W.V. Quine, and Harvard sociobiologist Edward O. Wilson, found the question of human cloning no more morally "profound" than that of computer encryption.

But if Gaylin foresaw true humanism's many vulnerabilities, he could not have imagined what happens when liberals go postmodern. Such liberals are, at best, indifferent to the question of human cloning; at worst, they view cloning technology as something to be embraced in the name of liberation and experimentation. Today's cloning technology thus heralds a new ideological force in American politics. Once suspicious of technology—think of liberal opposition to nuclear power—liberals of a postmodern persuasion will ally themselves with the new technologies of human cloning and genetic engineering because of the liberating potential of those technologies. And thus will experiments in science come to the aid of lifestyle experiments.

For example, in a remarkable piece published in the *New York Times* in December 1997, and in an elaboration published in *Clones and Clones: Facts and Fantasies about Human Cloning*, Laurence Tribe turned his back on his old liberal arguments against cloning. "Who was I—who is anyone—to forecast *which* technologies will over time generate transformations sufficiently deep . . . that we may confidently favor

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the[ir] outright prohibition?" he now exclaimed. "How can any of us feel so confident that the meaning of humanity will be degraded by human cloning in any and all circumstances that we are prepared to shut [it] down?"

Having gone postmodern, Tribe now finds it impossible to distinguish between what degrades man and what supports his dignity. Instead of worrying about treating humans as objects, or destroying human nature, as he did 25 years ago, he now rails against "essentialism" and puts the words "natural," "unnatural," and "human nature" in ironic quotation marks. And, chastising the opponents of human cloning, he warns that "when fear of the unnatural drives a campaign to ban some innovation, then that very fear may be more fearsome than the innovation that spawns it."

One of the great divides between old liberals and their postmodern cousins is just this lack of belief in

human nature. To postmodernists, the idea of human nature is nothing more than an outdated social construct used to oppress "difference." As the postmodernist Richard Rorty once wrote, "There is nothing deep inside each of us, no common human nature. . . . There is nothing to people except what has been socialized into them." Thus the importance to postmodernists of personal experimentation and "self-creation."

Yet, what is harmless wordplay in the mouths of college philosophy professors, perhaps at most encouraging impressionable young men and women to do things they otherwise might not have done, becomes in Tribe's hands a reason for embracing human cloning. As he puts it: "A society that bans acts of human creation that reflect unconventional sex roles or parenting models . . . for no better reason than that such acts dare to defy 'nature' and tradition . . . is a society that risks cutting itself off from vital experimentation and risks sterilizing a significant part of its capacity to grow." Why of course! If we are for "self-creation" and "vital experimentation," what could be more wonderfully "transgressive," as the postmodernists like to say, than the technology of human cloning and eventually of genetic engineering?

Now that the old liberal arguments against human cloning have fallen into desuetude, it's not clear what kind of political suasion can stop it from eventually happening. Of the three main elements of the conservative coalition—social or religious conservatives, libertarians, and the business class—only religious conservatives have expressed any serious opposition to cloning. The business class sees in the burgeoning cloning industry money to be made. As *New York Times* reporter Gina Kolata points out in her book *Clone: The Road to Dolly and the Path Ahead*, we owe little thanks (if that is what is owed) to government or university scientists for the technology of cloning. Most of the scientists who gave us animal cloning worked in industry; and their aim was not to save man or uncover new knowledge but to make a buck.

As for libertarians, they make the same old arguments against a moratorium on cloning that they have long made against the government's passing laws against drugs or pornography or gambling: It's none of the state's business. Some of them have spiced this old libertarian argument with a dash of techno-enthusiasm. They see in cloning new possibilities for the improvement of "man." Or they argue that any sort of ban on human cloning would be pointless since law and politics can never stop scientific and technological progress—and they may be right. But what's the consolation in that, since a science that inevitably overcomes law and politics can also overcome the political liberties that libertarians, liberals, and conservatives all support?

However that may be, our intellectual disarmament before the science of cloning leaves human cloning likely to occur in the near future. Since the liberal arguments against human cloning no longer resonate, perhaps a more ancient treatment of the subject is in order. In *Paradise Lost*, Milton describes how "Sin" springs forth from Satan's head; whereupon Satan falls in love with the creature—who is both his "perfect image" (his clone?) and his daughter. Then Satan copulates with "Sin," impregnating her with "Death"—whom he will later call "thou Son and Grandchild both." If the cloners have their way, we too shall someday speak such frightening words, being both parents and siblings to our children. ♦

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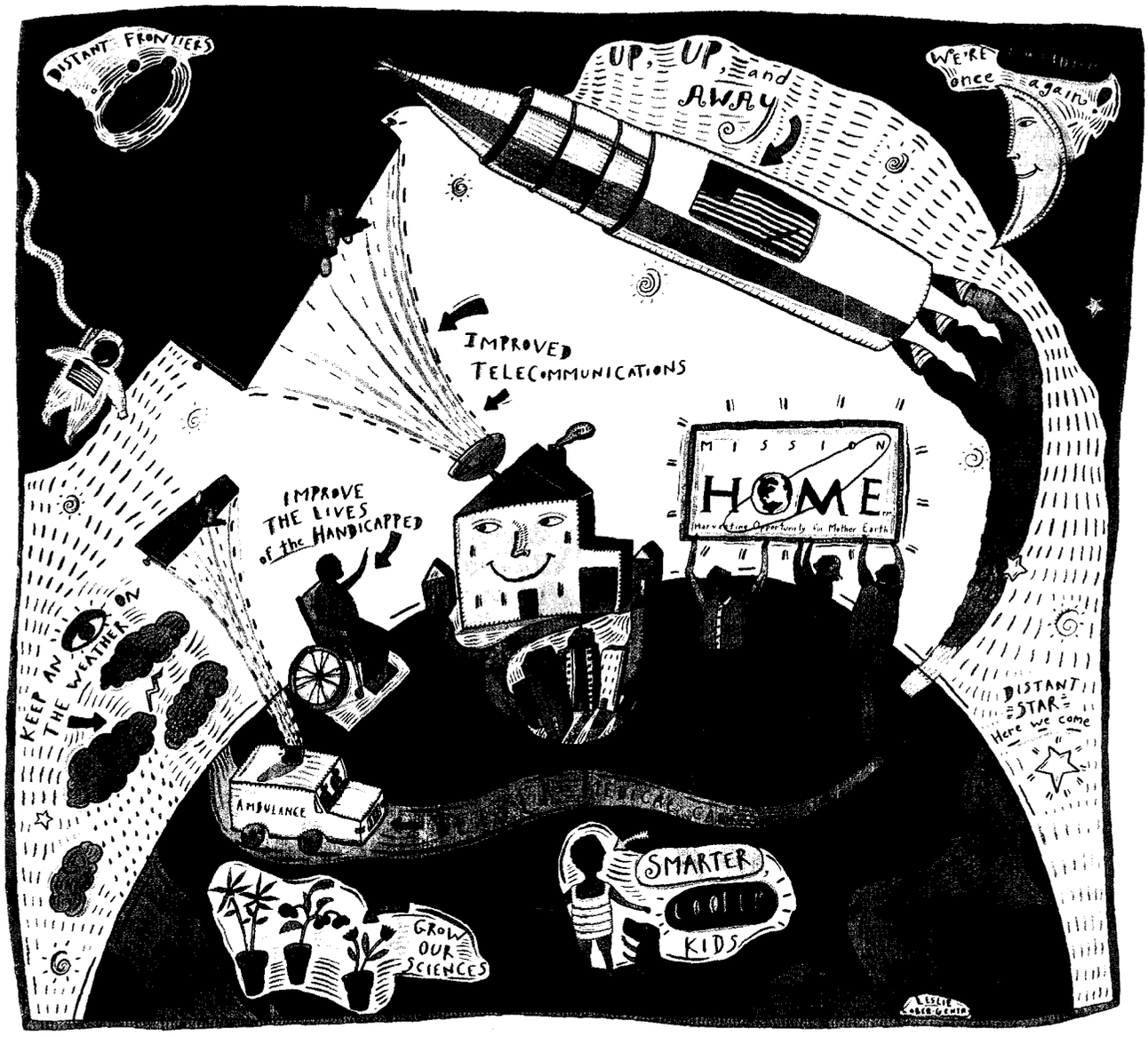

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From Aristotle to David Mamet

The Half-Moral World of America's Most Successful Dramatist

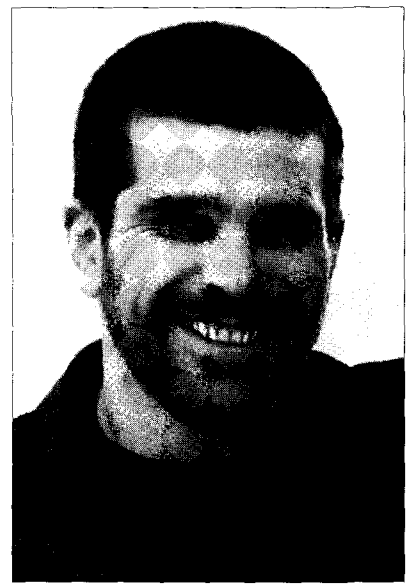
By Margaret Boerner

However ambivalent they may be about American culture in general, the British often pay more attention—and homage—to American art than Americans do. BBC Radio 3 has just finished airing a year of American music, while the London home of the Royal Shakespeare Company hosted a festival in which jazz, gospel, Arthur Miller, and Neil Simon were presented as the cultural touchstones of the twentieth century. Even the Royal Air Force component of the yearly "Royal Tournament" now marches to the American John Williams's music from *Star Wars*.

Of course, as the British often complain, a second form of American culture has conquered the United Kingdom as well. Sainsbury's supermarkets offer Classic Cola with "original American taste"; local fast food offers New Jersey chicken cafés, Seattle coffee houses, and Texas barbecue restaurants (advertised as "mighty fine eats").

Such invasions engender what is anyway natural to the English: a rich xenophobia, surely bespeaking a mad envy. The newspapers seized gleefully on recent reports that Americans are fat. The Duke of York is mocked for having "big white American teeth." The inveterate scribbler A. N. Wilson, a sometime young fogey, has lately gone on record in the *Evening Standard* that "mustachioed American professors of both sexes" don't deserve admission to the country, let alone to the new British Library.

Nonetheless, the English have always appreciated dramatic culture and good writing in a way that Americans do not. In particular, the fascination and repulsion they have for American culture enable them to identify David Mamet as the great American playwright of his age. Americans themselves are still making up their minds about Mamet. But, for the British, he seems the successor of Arthur Miller, and in London a new (rather slight) play by Mamet, *The Old Neighborhood*, has been sold out all summer. The English see in Mamet a quintessentially American voice, defining what it is to be human in a fascinating and uniquely American idiom.



Archive Photos/Reuters/Eric Galliard

David Mamet
Three Uses of the Knife
On the Nature and Purpose of Drama
Columbia Univ. Press, 96 pp., $19.95

In a talk he gave in London this summer before a performance of *The Old Neighborhood*, it became clear that Mamet is comfortable with British adulation. Though he spoke with some humility about his mentors, he confirmed his "bad boy" reputation by genially showing his disdain for many of the questions his listeners put to him. Asked "Is *The Old Neighborhood* autobiographical?" he replied, "Autobiographical of whom?" Questioned whether he has followers, he quipped, "I certainly hope not." His plays and movie scripts are markedly foul-mouthed, and when I asked about his use of "broad language," he replied merely that it "depended on the play"—and cited the film *Slap Shot*, which "has locker-room language in it because it takes place in the locker room."

And yet, in the midst of his quips and dismissals, Mamet said some things enormously revealing and helpful about his work. On the one hand, meeting resistance to his remark that there are no characters in drama, "only lines on a page," he quoted Aristotle to the effect that character is merely "habitual action." On the other hand, he declared, "I don't set out to make the audience feel anything; I am just solving a problem in stagecraft."

In the famous Aristotelian definition, a tragic play succeeds when it "achieves, through the representation of pitiable and fearful incidents, the

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catharsis of such pitiable and fearful incidents." Tragedy presents incidents that are pitiable because they seem undeserved and fearful because we fear similar incidents may befall us. And we experience catharsis—literally, a term for purging that Aristotle borrowed from Greek medicine—because we learn through the play "how such things came about": Pity for others and fear for ourselves are purged in our learning the coherent and grimly inevitable relation between the hero's "habitual action" and his end.

Sounding very Aristotelian, Mamet said during his talk that he wants his audience to "fear for their souls." But this does not precisely contradict his claim that he doesn't "set out to make the audience feel anything," for Mamet is only half an Aristotelian. His dramas are classical insofar as the fate of a Mamet hero is a consequence of that hero's character. But Mamet's dramas are profoundly unclassical insofar as the hero's fate lacks relation to a coherent universe. In Mamet's plays, there is not—because there cannot be—any cathartic relief for the audience.

What the British seem to have recognized in Mamet, what makes them celebrate him as the great American dramatist of his generation, is the playwright's clear and conscious presentation of what confusedly and unconsciously drives most contemporary American writers: an attempt to create in audiences the horror of recognizing themselves as solipsistic creatures in a world whose coherence is unknown. Any catharsis we might seem to feel—and what Mamet's audiences usually feel is unease—is only the satisfaction of seeing such a powerful snapshot of ourselves, tempered by delight in Mamet's savage humor.

Archive Photos/Fotos Int'l/Newline

Dustin Hoffman, Anne Heche, and Robert De Niro in Wag the Dog

Born in 1947, David Mamet has written twenty-two plays, six collections of essays, two novels, and scripts for twenty-three films (seven of which he has directed). He seems our first major playwright to have become a major screenwriter as well, and the pace of his film work has increased in recent years. Three of his films were released in 1997: *The Edge*, with Anthony Hopkins and Alec Baldwin, *Wag the Dog*, with Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman, and *The Spanish Prisoner*, with Steve Martin. And 1998 saw the production of three more: a new version of *The Winslow Boy*, *State and Maine*, and (under the pseudonym "Richard Weisz," co-authored with J. D. Zeik) the newly released Robert De Niro film *Ronin*.

As stage productions, his plays have rarely found great commercial success. But, thanks to his work in films, his writing is well known to audiences (at least in the United States) that probably would not recognize its author. *About Last Night* (1986), for example, is a movie made from his play, *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, which charted the difficult relation of two heterosexual young people seeking to move away from latently homosexual roommates and the singles scene but unable to express love. Although Mamet repudi-

Archive Photos/Fotos Int'l

Anthony Hopkins and Alec Baldwin in The Edge

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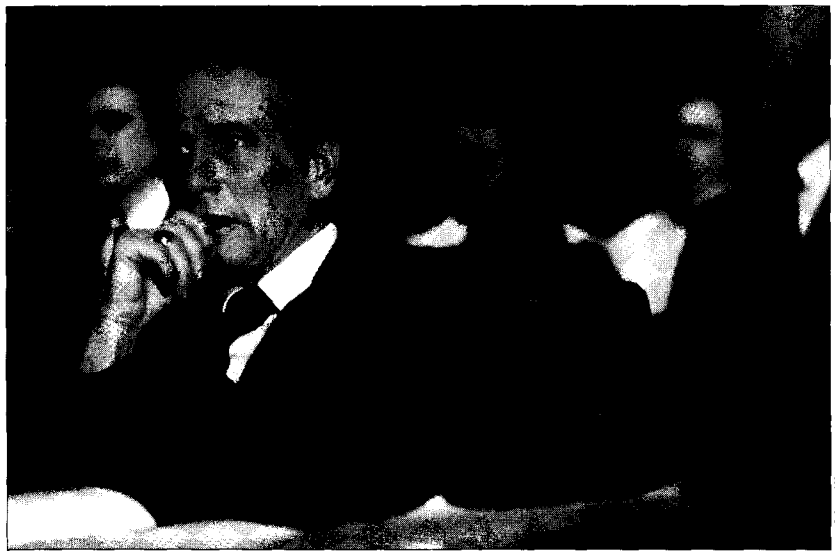

Archive Photos

Paul Newman in The Verdict

ates the movie, *About Last Night* employed Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, and Jim Belushi expertly playing to type (Belushi is surprisingly good as Lowe's foul-mouthed roommate), and the film is well worth watching in spite of its tacked-on happy ending.

The Verdict (1982), directed by Sidney Lumet, presents Paul Newman as a bottom-feeding Boston lawyer who is given a chance to restore his self-esteem by fighting corrupt corporate lawyering, headed by James Mason, in a medical-negligence case. Last year's *Wag the Dog*, fortuitously about a president trying to cover up a sexual indiscretion by pretending to fight a war, is a small but choice movie with an especially enjoyable performance by Dustin Hoffman.

Mamet first became known in 1975 with his play *American Buffalo*, which, as he has said, deals with "the predatory aspect of American life." The play concerns the plans of the owner of a junkshop who wants to revenge himself on a customer who has outsmarted him in the sale of an American buffalo nickel. He plots the theft of the customer's coin collection and manipulates others into agreeing to commit the actual theft. But the scheme collapses as Mamet explores the comic and disturbing irony of the gap between the owner's self-justification and the acts he plans to commit: the owner buffaloed by his inability to buffalo others. In a diminished country, the great beast of the American West is reduced to a coin coveted by thieves and collectors.

In 1984 Mamet won both the Pulitzer prize and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for *Glengarry Glen Ross*, made into a riveting movie in 1992 with Ed Harris, Jack Lemmon, Kevin Spacey, Alan Arkin, and Al Pacino. Its plot again centers upon a robbery, this time of a list of leads for buyers of undeveloped plots in Florida (improbably named after places in the Scottish Highlands: "Glen Ross Farms," etc.). In contrast to the theft in *American Buffalo*, this robbery, in an office of desperate real-estate men, does actually occur, and the audience is as suspicious and as mystified as the real-estate men, all waiting to find out who committed it. Throughout the film—and particularly in Al Pacino's meditation on the "great moments" in life, which consist solely of physical and emotional self-gratification—the characters con themselves as much as the customers they are in business to swindle.

Glengarry Glen Ross ran on Broadway at about the same time as a much-praised revival of *Death of a Salesman*, starring Dustin Hoffman. It was immediately noted that Mamet's coolly objective presentation made Miller's play seem moralistic and sentimental. No version of poetic justice—the punishment of the bad and the redemption of the good—exists in Mamet's plays. In Mamet, the loser loses and the aggressor succeeds. There is no great scheme of the universe in which his characters' "habitual action" leads to a cosmically fitting end.

Of Mamet's 1997 movie *The Spanish Prisoner*, the critic Anthony Lane

Archive Photos/Fotos International

Mamet on the set of Homicide

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remarks that Mamet is "a connoisseur of the great American con." And how we con one another and ourselves proves the major theme of all his work.

In his 1987 movie *House of Games*, a psychiatrist who counsels gamblers and writes bestsellers about their addiction herself becomes addicted to learning the tricks of a con artist (brilliantly played by Joe Mantegna), believing she cannot be conned since she is so experienced in the deceptions of her patients. The audience believes that, like her, it cannot be conned and certainly not conned twice. But the psychiatrist and audience alike *are* conned, to the very end. No less victimized than the heroine, the audience ends up empathizing with—and even approving—her killing of the con man at the end of the film.

The fascination with conning is equally apparent in the 1994 *Oleanna*, a filmed play much condemned for its apparent misogyny and sexism. A female student comes to a sociology professor complaining that she does not understand what he means when he tells his classes that their schooling is a scam—a con game concealing the fact university education is mere warehousing of students till they get old enough to earn a living. And indeed, in the end, the professor proves a typical Mamet con artist, finally conned by the woman and her "committee" into losing his job through her enticing him into making patronizing, sexist remarks.

In a profile in the *New Yorker*, John Lahr claimed that Mamet "had done for American theater at the end of the century what his hero, the iconoclastic sociologist Thorstein Veblen, did for American sociology at the beginning: provide a devastating, often hilarious new idiom to dissect the follies of American life." This idiom is often blunt, demotic, and scatological. But this, too, is quintessentially American, and Mamet's broad language is not the thoughtless filler common to most social obscenity.

Rather it represents a distillation of our baffled inability to explain ourselves to ourselves or to communicate with others. It is the ironically and comically inappropriate language of the con man outmaneuvered and of his conned victim—of the baby boomers who speak casually of sexual conquest and physical intimacy while being terrified of one another.

Given Mamet's jaundiced view of American morals and mores, one would expect him to pose himself as the bad boy of American theater, a sort of dirty-talking George Bernard Shaw who hopes to overthrow the classical past. But his recent book on drama, *Three Uses of the Knife*, proves that expectation wrong. Instead, he puts himself directly in the great Western tradition, invoking Saint Paul, Shakespeare (often), Henrik Ibsen, Wallace Stevens, Charles Ives, Virginia Woolf, Alfred Hitchcock, Samuel Beckett, Tennessee Williams, and Arthur Miller.

"WE LIVE," WRITES MAMET, "IN AN EXTRAORDINARILY DEBAUCHED WORLD, WHERE THINGS DON'T COME OUT EVEN. THE PURPOSE OF DRAMA IS TO REMIND US OF THAT."

The title of the new essays on the theater that Mamet has collected in *Three Uses of the Knife* comes from a passage by the folksinger "Leadbelly" Ledbetter that Mamet uses to illustrate his thesis that "dramatic structure" is "an exercise of a naturally occurring need or disposition to structure the world":

> You take a knife, you use it to cut the bread, so you have strength to work; you use it to shave, so you look nice for your lover; on discovering her with another, you use it to cut out her lying heart.

A beautifully designed and printed volume, *Three Uses of the Knife* is not a scholarly treatise on the drama. Rather it is a loosely organized set of remarks not strictly following from one another, but containing a wealth of sharp insight into the elements of plot, enticement of the audience, and engagement of the heart and soul rather than the intellect.

Writing about art and propaganda, for instance, Mamet distinguishes Samuel Beckett from the brilliant filmer of Nazi propaganda, Leni Riefenstahl: "They're both dealing with exactly the same human capacity to order the intolerable into meaning—one creates cleansing art, the other advertisements for murder." He jokes, about artistic creation,

> I used to say that a good writer throws out the stuff that everybody else keeps. But an even better test occurs to me: perhaps a good writer keeps the stuff everybody else throws out.

What makes the British so admire his work is the easy sense Mamet gives of belonging to the European dramatic tradition. He is believably traditional when, at the conclusion of *Three Uses of the Knife*, he writes, "The purpose of theater, like magic, like religion—those three harness mates—is to inspire a cleansing awe."

But the British may admire Mamet as well for what strikes them as his very American denial of drama's tradition of showing a moral structure to the universe. The great tradition in Mamet is shattered—and the catharsis, the "cleansing awe" of which he speaks, is tainted—by his denial of the moral order necessary to purge fear and pity. "We live," he writes "in an extraordinarily debauched, interesting, savage world, where things really don't come out even. The purpose of true drama is to help remind us of that." ♦

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LIGHT YEAR

What Einstein Did in 1905

By Jonathan V. Last

Young men and women start out believing in giants—not make-believe giants, mind you, but real, hulking gargantuans who only rarely notice the mortals flitting about them. For someone just starting out on adult life, the world seems full of actual giants, legendary figures who have lived lives and filled careers far beyond any normal person's capacity.

Then one day, with a dull thump, we realize that our heroes weren't all that different from other human beings. They remain admirable—smarter or faster than we are, stronger or harder working—but they no longer seem the incomparable, inhuman figures of our youth.

What we sometimes forget, however, as our heroes shrink back down to human dimensions, is that there are a thimbleful of people who really were giants, who will not ever shrink. Shakespeare, Leonardo da Vinci, and Isaac Newton were not real people any more than Atlas was. And among this select cadre—maybe a few hundred of the ten billion people who have ever lived—only one has walked among us in the last hundred years: Albert Einstein.

Einstein was simply not made of the same material as everyone else. One way to be convinced of his unearthly genius is to read *Einstein's Miraculous Year: Five Papers That Changed the Face of Physics*, a slim volume edited by the scholar John Stachel. Stachel reproduces Einstein's five famous papers from 1905 and gives a brief, intelligent explanation of each. The result is an overpowering testament to Einstein's greatness.

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The intellectual paparazzi have done their best in the last ten years to diminish Einstein. After his death in 1955, his friend Otto Nathan and secretary Helen Dukas kept most of Einstein's personal papers out of public reach. But in 1987, after a protracted legal battle, the Einstein archives were opened, and the result was biographies like Denis Brian's *Einstein: A Life*, a cheap exposé that sensationalized his relations with women and alleges an illegitimate daughter.

John Stachel, ed.
Einstein's Miraculous Year
Five Papers That Changed the Face of Physics
Princeton Univ. Press, 198 pp., $19.95

The important details of Einstein's life are well known. Born on March 14, 1879, in Ulm, Germany, the young Einstein was thought by some to be slow. He struggled in school subjects that didn't interest him, like Greek, and dropped out of high school in order to avoid Germany's year of compulsory military service. He was rejected from Zurich Polytechnic after failing the French, biology, and chemistry sections of the entrance exam.

But the signs of his true abilities were evident from the beginning. When he was a child he asked his parents what the world would look like if he were riding away from it on a beam of light (the answer, as he would be the first to determine, is that everything would look exactly as it had when you began moving because you would be traveling at the same speed as all of those images). At twelve he was so taken with Euclidean geometry that he called it "holy." At sixteen he wrote an essay that contained the seeds of his theory of special relativity.

And then, in 1905, at the age of twenty-six, Einstein had his *annus mirabilis*, the greatest year in science since the "Year of Wonders," 1666, when a twenty-four-year-old Isaac Newton codified all of classical physics. In this one year, Einstein wrote five papers, each of which could have been the culmination of a life's work for any mortal scientist.

His first paper, "A New Determination of Molecular Dimensions," proposed a method for determining molecular size. At the time, the existence of atoms and molecules was in itself in some dispute, and the only way to find the physical size of molecules was by using the kinetic theory of gases. But what about molecules that couldn't be found in gaseous form? Einstein proved that by dissolving a substance in a liquid and measuring the varying viscosity of the resulting solutions, atomic size could be very closely approximated.

In his second paper, "On the Motion of Small Particles Suspended in Liquids at Rest Required by the Molecular-Kinetic Theory of Heat," Einstein addressed the problem of determining the sizes of molecules that could be neither made gaseous nor dissolved. After suspending these materials in a liquid and observing the Brownian Motion of the suspended particles, one could determine their size by measuring the mean-square displacement.

Papers three and four—"On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies" and "Does the Inertia of a Body Depend on Its Energy Content?"—dealt with Einstein's first truly revolutionary observations: that the speed of light is absolute and that physics centers around the precept of special relativity. His final paper, "On a Heuristic Point of View Concern-

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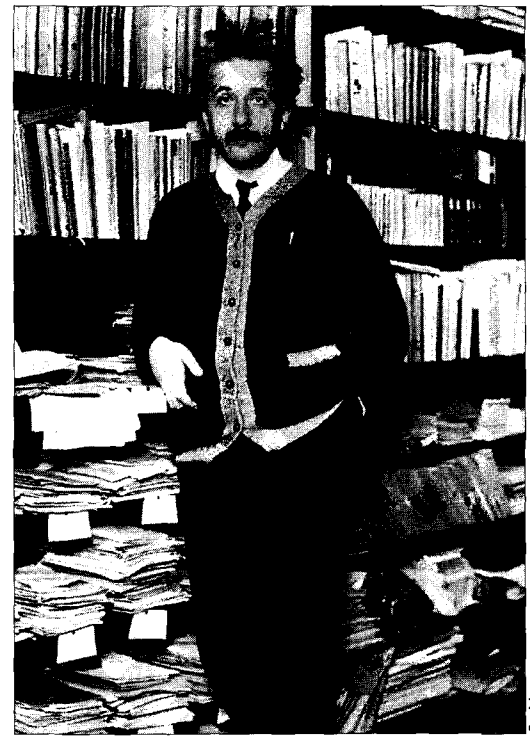
ing the Production and Transformation of Light," cemented yet another revolutionary idea about light: that it travels in particles, or quanta.

Like all studies of elemental phenomena, the study of light began with observations. Light is so basic that early thinkers had no inkling of what it was, so they took note of how it behaved. Euclid developed a Law of Reflection; Hero of Alexandria, observing Euclid's work and evidence of the rectilinear propagation of light, proposed that light always travels the shortest distance between two points. Aristotle gave brief thought to how light might work and proposed a primitive method of conduction via the medium of a mysterious "aether," and his thought was refined by René Descartes in his "Law of Refraction." Descartes and others proposed that "the energy of a light ray emitted from a point source continuously spreads out over an ever increasing volume" and exhibits "a rapid vibratory motion of the medium propagating at a very great speed"—which is to say that light is a wave.

Waves are physical disturbances, and in order to travel, they must have some substance to disturb. This presents no problem for light on Earth, where the air is made up of a complex mix of gasses. But it does create difficulties in the vacuum of space. And to get around these difficulties, scientists postulated the existence of an invisible, luminiferous aether permeating the universe and providing a medium through which waves of light may travel. Newton was suspicious of the notion of the aether and proposed briefly in his treatise on optics that light might be not a wave but a string of particles that needed no medium. But while his corpuscular theory held some sway for a while, the hypothesis of the aether carried the day. Indeed, it was an enormously helpful scientific hypothesis. It could support the fantastically high frequencies of light, yet allow planets to move through it unimpeded. It even established a universal clock by creating a single inertial frame of reference.

The descent into the aether represented one of physics' most notorious wrong turns since Ptolemy posited that the sun revolves around the earth. From the beginning there was evidence to the contrary, but for three centuries scientists put themselves through all manner of contortions to explain the aether.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Einstein leans on his bookshelves, c. 1930.

In 1725, the astronomer James Bradley tried to triangulate the distance to a star by observing its position at two different times during the year. Bradley was shocked to find that the star appeared to move in the direction of Earth's orbit. But instead of drawing the obvious conclusion that the star's light was behaving like particles, Bradley decided that his work was proof that the aether not only was ubiquitous and invisible, but also had the amazing ability to remain wholly undisturbed as the planets moved through it.

More than 150 years after Bradley's work, Albert Michelson and Edward Morley attempted to measure the earth's motion through this aether. They reasoned that if the earth moves in relation to the aether (which it must since the aether is perpetually at rest), then the earth's motion should influence the speed of the light perceived on the earth. They found it did not.

The Michelson-Morley experiment should have rocked the world, but it was instead for the most part willfully ignored. A few scientists did begin to question the existence of the aether, but most concluded that the experiment itself must have been flawed in some way.

And so it fell to Einstein to fix the broken concepts of not only how light behaved, but what light was. Using the work of Hendrik Lorentz and James Maxwell, Einstein took as established that the speed of light was an absolute. He then began to think about the nature of simultaneous events.

Whether or not two things happen at "the same time" depends on the proximity of the events to the observer. If the events and the observer are all in the same frame of reference, then they may happen simultaneously. But if they are not all in the same frame of reference, the possibility of two events' happening "at the same time" becomes very difficult to hold.

Einstein still held one constant, the speed of light, which he labeled "c." But he made it a stricter constant than the scientific world had ever seen. Unlike anything else, light has an absolutely constant velocity. If a man is standing on a train moving twenty miles per hour and throws a baseball forward at thirty miles per hour, the baseball is actually moving fifty miles per hour. But if that man

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turns on a flashlight, the light moves at the same speed that it would if he were standing still. The speed of light never varies.

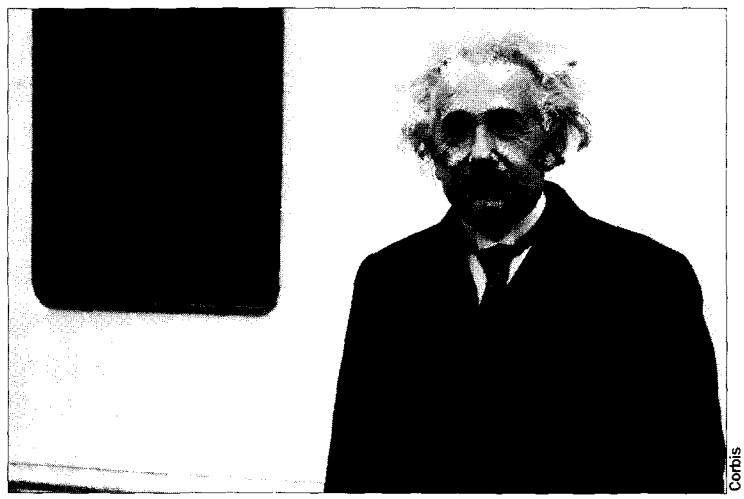
The concept of multiple frames of reference was utterly revolutionary. And when combined with the absolute speed of light, it led to the paper on the special theory of relativity, which Einstein wrote in five weeks, and later to his formula $E=mc^2$—the famous expression of the relation between the mass of an object and its energy.

Knowing the most important characteristic of light, Einstein turned to its nature. One of the most vexing problems of physics in the early 1900s was the mystery of the photoelectric effect. When light shines on certain metals, electrons are emitted. And worse yet for the wave theory, the number of electrons emitted increases with the intensity of the light, and the energy of the emitted electrons increases with the frequency of the light.

Einstein determined that the photoelectric effect must be the result of the bombardment of the metal by discrete packets of energy, which he dubbed "photons." The photon is a particle of light whose energy is proportional to its frequency and whose propagation requires no intermediary medium. This theory of quantum light was so radical that it was immediately dismissed by most of the scientific community as folly until 1916, when Robert Millikan confirmed Einstein's calculations about the photoelectric effect. By the early 1920s, at long last, the photon was accepted and quantum theory predominated.

After hundreds of years of wrong thinking, Einstein had abolished the aether. He did for light what Newton had done for gravity: In five papers in 1905, he gave it a thorough, original, and mathematically complete explanation and changed all our conceptions of the world and the boundaries of science.

All that work in one year's time. The rest of his life saw other accomplishments. In 1916, for example, he published what would become his most famous work, *The General Theory of Relativity*. But mostly, his remaining days were spent chasing the one that got away: the unified field theory.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Einstein aboard an ocean liner, c. 1948.

When Einstein finally published his *Unified Field Theory* in 1929, he created a media circus. After submitting the paper to the Prussian Academy of Sciences, he retired to his home in Berlin. The academy, not knowing what to make of the six dense pages of equations, simply released the long-awaited work to the public without commenting on it. The new theory, which tried to find a single set of laws to govern both electricity and gravity, mystified literally everyone in the world, and hordes of reporters from around the globe camped outside Einstein's house for weeks, waiting for the great man to explain himself. Finally, Einstein granted his only interview to a reporter from the *New York Times*—as a favor to its managing editor, Carr Van Anda, who had once corrected one of Einstein's mathematical mistakes. (Like many theoretical physicists and mathematicians, Einstein found actual calculation tedious, and occasional errors crop up in the math in his letters and notebooks.)

Einstein emigrated to the United States in 1933 after the Nazis confiscated all his property for the crimes of "cultural intellectualism, intellectual treason, and pacifist excesses." He took a position at Princeton University's Institute for Advanced Study, where he requested as his only research equipment "a desk or table, a chair, paper, and pencils. Oh yes, and a large waste basket . . . so I can throw away all my mistakes."

In the early months of World War II, aware of German experiments with fission, Einstein signed a letter (prepared by other physicists) describing to President Roosevelt the possibility of creating an atomic bomb, and his prestige was sufficient to spark the birth of the Manhattan Project. He was offered the prime minister's post in the newly born nation of Israel, but he turned it down so that he could continue working on the unified field theory that would, he hoped, lay bare God's blueprint for the universe.

He never succeeded, but without knowing it he sketched the task for the next three generations: superstring theory. In Einstein's time, physicists were aware of only two fundamental forces of physics, while today there are four known forces: gravitational, electromagnetic, weak atomic, and strong atomic. And today every theoretical physicist

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worth his salt, from Stephen Hawking to John Wheeler, is obsessed with the quest for unification of the laws that govern these forces.

That quest has recently taken a fascinating and mind-bending twist into the world of fundamental particles. In the fifteen years following Einstein's death in 1955, a number of very, very small particles were discovered—and the theory of quarks was developed to explain them. According to quark theory, the only elementary particles are leptons and quarks (although there are six flavors of quarks, each of which comes in six colors). Leptons and quarks combine in various ways and combinations to make different, bigger particles, much as electrons, neutrons, and protons combine to make different types of atoms.

Superstring theory postulates that there is only one truly elemental particle, which is a tiny loop of "string" that measures roughly 10^{-35} meters and has an incredibly high level of energy. This string vibrates in different ways, and it is these different modes of vibration that cause the string to take on the forms of the different leptons and quarks, which in turn serve as the building blocks for all other particles. If superstring theory were proved, it would not only establish a fundamental particle, but also solve Einstein's problem of the unified field theory.

The problem is that for superstring theory to hold, the strings themselves must exist in anywhere from six to twenty-two dimensions beyond the four we see in everyday life.

More, the combining of these strings would take place on a scale that is many orders of magnitude smaller than is measurable by any sort of technology we can build. Finding a way to refine and prove superstring theory and finish Einstein's unification will require advances so revolutionary that no one can imagine what they might be.

No one, that is, but a giant. ♦

MAN OF WAUGH

His Father's Son

By James Bowman

Not long ago, when Emperor Akihito of Japan traveled to Britain for a state visit, a group of former British POWs demonstrated in protest along the route of the royal parade to Buckingham Palace. Although there are few British cows more sacred than the remaining survivors of Japanese captivity during the Second World War, Auberon Waugh denounced in the *Sunday Telegraph* "these angry, avaricious old men" who had decided "to make an exhibition of themselves and insult our guests of honor."

He went on to note that "nobody quite dared to tell these Thai-Burma road veterans to shut up and count themselves lucky to have survived" because the country remained regrettably "stuck in wartime attitudes," including a lot of humbug about the nation's suffering. In fact, he wrote, "for nearly all those who were young adults in the war, and connected in any way with war work, it was quite easily the happiest time of their lives. . . . Survivors return to those years with joy whenever they get the chance. We should envy them. But it does not look as if we shall ever be able to afford another. Those who knew the suffering, as well as the fun, must count themselves exceptionally lucky."

Naturally, the column elicited many angry letters to the editor, the funniest thing about them being the headline that some wag put over them on the letters page: "Not all agree with Auberon Waugh," it read.

And that, allowing for British understatement, is the point. It is because no one agrees with Auberon Waugh—or at least because no one dares say so—that he is so compulsively readable. What is at present the only easily obtainable evidence of that in America comes with the belated publication here of his now seven-year-old memoir, *Will This Do?*, written when he was fifty.

Auberon Waugh
Will This Do?
The First Fifty Years of Auberon Waugh
Carroll & Graf, 288 pp., $24

A lot of the later parts of the book—those that deal with the ups and downs and parochial quarrels and pranks of his thirty-year career in British journalism—will be rather obscure and lacking in interest for American readers. But those that describe his school days and the remarkable experience of growing up as the son of Evelyn Waugh are utterly delightful—often on the same principle by which war can be said to be fun. For "Evelyn Waugh," as his son calls him was by late twentieth-century standards a barbarically neglectful and unfeeling papa, and most of young Auberon's years in more or less prestigious Catholic private schools seem to have consisted of tormenting the various masters and headmasters assigned to educate him and being beaten by them in return.

The fun in this instance, however, comes from the writing, which is a model of what personal journalism ought to be. Quotation is irresistible. The story of the bananas has by now been retailed so often as to be familiar to anyone with the most casual interest in any of the Waugh family, but at the risk of boring repetition,

James Bowman is American editor of the Times Literary Supplement *of London.*

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the reader ought to know that the first consignment of bananas to reach Britain after the worst of the wartime shortages was earmarked by the government for distribution to the nation's children. As there were at the time three little Waughs, three bananas duly arrived in the household—and were promptly consumed by papa Waugh, with almost equally scarce cream and sugar, before the hungry eyes of his children. Auberon, the eldest, writes:

> A child's sense of justice may be defective in many respects, and egocentric at the best of times, but it is no less intense for either. By any standards, he had done wrong. It would be absurd to say that I never forgave him, but he was permanently marked down in my estimation from that moment, in ways which no amount of sexual transgression would have achieved. . . . From that moment, I never treated anything he had to say on faith or morals very seriously.

And yet, for all his irony at his father's expense, genuine forgiveness and affection for the old man manage to shine through in places—especially on account of what, in retrospect, was his probably clinical depression. Evelyn treated it with nothing but large quantities of gin and barley water, "a peculiarly nauseating mixture," as his son notes, "although I suppose that at fifty my own intake is only slightly smaller."

This is about as near as his son comes to claiming any kind of intellectual or spiritual patrimony, though the reader will often find himself groping after whatever adjective can be made of his surname to describe his style and perhaps even his temperament. After his father's death in 1966, says Auberon, "It was many years before I could break the habit of viewing every event with half an eye to the bulletin I would send to my father. Even now, I find that when I hear a funny story about someone in whom he would have been interested—the child of a friend, perhaps, or some grandee—I mentally store it away to repeat to him. There always follows a pang of bereavement when I remember that he is no longer around to hear it."

The quality of forbearance and tolerance is no less real because it often adds an edge to the satirical barb. So, of Dom Wilfred Passmore, the headmaster of Downside when Auberon was at school there, he declares:

Corbis

Auberon Waugh and friend.

> I do not think he was particularly cruel, although it seems odd, in retrospect, for a highly intelligent man to have spent so much of his time beating boys. . . . Every evening in term-time a list of boys he wished to see appeared on the headmaster's noticeboard. Sometimes it was merely to tell them that their mother had died or whatever, but mostly it was to beat them. I held the school record—possibly still do—of fourteen beatings in a single term. But I find it hard to believe he derived much pleasure from them. Even if he did, I cannot find it in my heart to grudge him such little consolations.

Something of the same spirit enters into his jolly accounts of his years as a controversialist. In describing the anger of a distant cousin, Jonathan Raban, over a bad review he once gave one of Raban's books, he writes understandingly that "Hell hath no fury like a writer unfavourably reviewed. I suffer from the same problem. My first novel (or possibly my second) received a bad review in the *Sunday Times* from either Frederic Raphael or Mordecai Richler. I do not know which, but have regarded both with the deepest suspicion ever since, and the *Sunday Times* with a total loathing which becomes easier and easier to justify with every year that passes."

As with his piece about the old men on the Mall, one of his favorite tricks is to set up his own idiosyncratic point of view as the norm and then to pretend to regard conventional wisdom as a weird, incomprehensible divagation from it. So on the subject of David Dimbleby, one of Britain's most famous broadcasters, whom Waugh knew as a fellow student journalist at Oxford, he writes: "And poor old Dimbleby appears to have sunk without trace into the hellish world of television folk. Unless you happen to watch television, you might not be aware that he exists."

Only, perhaps, on the subject of the new "Mickey Mouse" Catholic Church does the ironic playfulness that makes him such a delight to read desert him. "It is hard to believe that these kindergarten assemblies bear much relation to the ancient institution of the Church as it survived through the Renaissance," he writes. "Whatever central truth survives is outside it, buried in the historical awareness of individual members. Or so it seems to me. But whenever I have doubts, it is my father's fury rather than Divine retribution which I dread."

Like so much else in this thoroughly enjoyable memorial to genuine diversity of opinion, even so extraordinary a statement as this makes, in the context, a melancholy kind of sense. ♦

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Constitution of the United States of America
Censure Clause
Article II Section 5

The Congress shall have sole Power to censure a President. When sitting for that Purpose, it shall, without Partisan forethought or unseemly Crossfire appearances, determine a) whether the president fondled or kissed the emanations of any member of his staff, b) whether he hath initiated improper contact between any natural born agricultural product and the penumbras of said staffer, c) whether he spilled his emoluments without letting the ex-officio staffer complete her enumerations.

If the Executive is found guilty of said crimes, the Members of Congress shall go into Confidential Session with a quorum of their Pollsters, or such representatives as Wirthlin and Teeter shall designate. If the President's Approval Numbers are below 40 per centum, they shall go ahead and fry the son of a bitch. However, if said Approvals surpass that Threshold, they shall consider Sucking Up to the Elite Media by entertaining a Motion to Censure.

The procedures for Censure are as follows: 1) Righteous members of the President's own Party shall drone out Ponderous statements making the Obvious Point the President is a scuzzball. 2) Members of the Opposition shall pretend to reserve judgment in order to stretch Proceedings beyond the mid-term elections. 3) Those Members with an overweening hunger for praise from The Washington Post Editorial Page shall introduce a Bill of Censure, which will be approved on a Bi-Partisan Basis. 4) The President shall meekly appear in public to accept the Declaration of Censure. 5) The President Shall return to his Office and begin jumping up and down on the rug while chanting "I beat the rap! I beat the rap!" 6) The President shall light a cigar and serve out the rest of his term as if nothing had happened.

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The EPA v. The Truth About Environmental Tobacco Smoke

U.S. District Judge William Osteen:

"In this case, EPA publicly committed to a conclusion before research had begun...and aggressively utilized [statutory] authority to disseminate findings to establish a de facto regulatory scheme intended to restrict Plaintiffs' products and to influence public opinion.

"In conducting the ETS Risk Assessment, EPA disregarded information and made findings on selective information....

"EPA's conduct raises several concerns besides whether a relative risk of 1.19 is credible evidence supporting a Group A classification. First, with such a weak showing, if even a fraction of Plaintiffs' allegations regarding study selection or methodology is true, EPA cannot show a statistically significant association between ETS and lung cancer.

"The court is faced with the ugly possibility that EPA adopted a methodology for each chapter, without explanation, based on the outcome sought in that chapter."

Carol Browner, Administrator U.S. Environmental Protection Agency:

"The court's decision is based on procedural concerns regarding technical aspects of EPA's study."

It's Time For The Truth To Begin And The Witchhunt To End

National Smokers Alliance

Defending the rights of 50 million adult Americans

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IT'S PLAIN TO SEE WHAT'S MISSING FROM THE U.N. CLIMATE TREATY.

135 countries. China, India, and Mexico among others are exempt from the U.N. climate treaty. The U.N. claims the treaty will reduce greenhouse gas emissions. But these countries' emissions are growing five times faster than the rest of the world and, under this treaty, they won't have to cut back.

Instead, the U.S. and a few others will be faced with new costs that could limit how and when we use our cars, heat our homes and use electricity. And could raise the price of food, clothes and most things we buy. This treaty would dictate how we live our lives, while leaving most U.N. countries out of the picture.

THE U.N. CLIMATE TREATY. IT'S NOT GLOBAL AND IT WON'T WORK. www.climatefacts.org

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